



# SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 16, No. 9. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JAN. 10, 1903.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 789

## Things in General.

THE result of Wednesday's by-elections is to give the Government a majority of five, with one vacant constituency, North Renfrew. The latter can be carried by the Government, and so can any other ridings which may be opened, judging from the results in Grey, Perth and Norfolk. This means that there is an end for the present, as there ought to be an end, to the state of political turmoil and deadlock which was becoming chronic in this province, and which threatened to become intolerable. The gentleman from Morrisburg and his followers must go back into the wilderness for yet another term of penance and probation; the promised land of power is not yet for them. If they are wise they will profit by their reverses and avail themselves of this opportunity for sincere self-examination, to ascertain whether they have deserved victory, however much the Government may have merited punishment. No party can expect to win on the mistakes and shortcomings of its opponents; it must have some saving grace, and at least a few scattered virtues, of its own.

Though Mr. Whitney has come so near to the prize for which his party has struggled unsuccessfully for thirty mortal years, he is now perhaps further from it than ever before. In street parlance, it will probably be found that henceforth he is a political "dead un," for no party can afford to ignore public opinion by persistently carrying the thrice rejected and discredited on the front seat of the band-wagon. If the Opposition had been able to create any genuine enthusiasm or to have fired the imagination of the people, they would not now find themselves conducting a disastrous and hopeless rear-guard action. But they sought to fix attention on the sins and shortcomings of the Administration instead of developing qualities of their own which would command notice and compel respect. While complaining of widespread electoral fraud and corruption, they were themselves not unspattered with political dirt. Could anything be more sickening than their recent course in compromising with the evil they had denounced, instead of turning on the light as it was their duty to do, both to the public and to themselves, if they were sincere in their professions and honestly determined to expose and exterminate the "machine"? How could they hope to be taken seriously in their outcry against political crookedness, when they were industriously seeking their own safety in the disreputable game of "saw-off," and compounding the felonies which they alleged in more than one constituency, by accepting the abandonment of seats as ample expiation for the offences charged, thus burking investigation and burying the truth?

Every one is sick of the Conservative cry of "Foul play!"—not because the conscience of Ontario is callous, but because the men who whiningly repeat this parrot phrase have done so little to justify its reiteration. The "Mail" comes out the morning after the by-elections and heads its editorial on the result with the words "Every Seat Stolen." The old tune is grown musty, its catchiness is on the wane, and the organ will have to grind out a new jig if it wants to gather a crowd. I do not suppose for one minute that the by-elections were clean on either side. Possibly, and even probably, there was more wrong-doing on the side which had everything to lose and possessed the resources and organization of government, than on the part of those who are virtuous only because they are poor. But, however this may be, the Conservative party can no longer expect to create a stir by general charges of the sort the "Mail" advances. They had their opportunity, if at all after the elections of last May, but they signally failed to live up to their professions as probes and punishers of corruption.

Mr. Ross, than whom Ontario has never had an abler or more progressive Premier, has now an opportunity, with his new majority and improved prospects, to demonstrate that the people of Ontario made no mistake in placing him where he is. The Premier's position in the confidence and respect of his party and of the country is secure. He need not fear to undertake a reorganization of the Cabinet, or to shake himself free of influences and cliques which, in dictating to successive Governments, have imperilled popular rights and party stability, without bringing any strength, moral or political, to the side that espoused their selfish interests. The people of Ontario will look to Mr. Ross to give them the best government they have ever had. They will demand more of him than of his predecessors, and if he lives up to his capabilities and their expectations, they will reward him with continued and increasing confidence.

THERE has been much clumsy work done for or by the Liberal party in Ontario. I make the distinction because it is hard to tell really who is head of the party in this province, or to differentiate between what Premier Ross authorizes and what is done presumably on his behalf. Nothing possessing less political acumen has been done in the name of any political party under the official shadow of any outfit desiring success, than the fumbling of the arrangement made by Hon. E. J. Davis, by the "Globe." It appears from all accounts that an arrangement was made by Mr. Davis and those contesting his election in North York, whereby he was to resign his seat and appeal to the electorate rather than stand a trial in the courts. This arrangement was to have been kept quiet and not used in the by-elections of Wednesday last. But the "Globe," apparently desiring to make political capital, announced that the matter had been "settled." This seemed to relieve the Conservative party from its obligation to keep silent, and the whole deal was made public, considerably to the disadvantage of the Government, who won on Wednesday in spite of its clumsy friends, and probably by the aid of more skillful manipulators. It is not simply a question of political morals, but a matter of ordinary horse sense. The predicament of Hon. Mr. Davis was not being generally discussed—as a matter of fact, Mr. Davis is one of the cleanest men in the Provincial Ministry, though perhaps too amiable, non-assertive and cautious for his post. The "Globe" by an attempt at smartness brought down an avalanche of what seemed to be damaging evidence, which was sent broadcast over Ontario and necessitated a vast volume of denial, much of it misleading and none of it very effective. It would seem, as the rational result of this episode, as if the Liberal organ, without a head or with its new head, ought to keep still rather than play with the fire alarm when it has nothing else to do.

WE have another remarkable evidence that inside as well as outside of the Roman Catholic Church there is a general belief that the hierarchy have charge of the political as well as the spiritual advancement of its supporters. Dr. Cassidy of this city, who is a candidate for the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of Hon. John O'Donohoe, sent out a circular asking his prominent co-religionists to write to influential Ottawa Ministers in favor of his appointment, stating therein that he was "endorsed by the hierarchy of Ontario," which, as Mr. Peter Ryan sets forth in a letter, consists of "eight archbishops and bishops." Mr. Ryan's letter denouncing Dr. Cassidy's circular is a warm thing. He says, "The practice of Catholic aspirants for office or political preferment rushing to

and dragging Catholic bishops and priests into the political cockpit is not what should be encouraged, for it gives much justification of the statements made and the belief entertained by non-Catholics that the hierarchy and priests of the province carry the votes of the Catholics of Ontario in the hollow of their hands." Quite so. Non-Catholics as well as Dr. Cassidy believe that this is the case to a greater or less extent, though nobody denies that there are Roman Catholics who are entirely free from sacerdotal influences. Mr. Ryan denies that this is the case, in the following language: "No more unsubstantial idea can be entertained, yet such men as Dr. Cassidy contribute towards this offensive estimate of the Catholic electors and put weapons in the hands of the Orange and P.P.A. institutions to represent the Catholic people as priest-ridden, etc."

Of course Dr. Cassidy has made a distinct ass of himself by announcing a fact which the hierarchy and his co-religionists generally endeavor to conceal, and the man who does this sort of thing is generally sent away back to sit down by the very clever men who manage this great secret society. Dr. Cassidy is quite right in believing that a Church which is asked to believe that the canon law is superior to civil law should direct as far as possible existing Governments as to who should be given a seat in the Senate, in Parliament, in the Legislature, in the Council or the School Board. His mistake has been in the direction of putting this sort of thing in print and permitting those who do not hold the same idea to criticize it. Mr. Peter Ryan is probably less in touch with the hierarchy than Dr. Cassidy, though we must all admit that Mr. Peter Ryan has much more political success and a more delicate touch in official matters than the gentleman who seems to have got himself into hot water. Of course it is recognized, as it should not be, that a certain number of Roman Catholics

for non-Catholics to say, as Peter Ryan remarks, that there is a solid vote which swings pendulum-like to the party which is most generous in its rewards to this religious sect. Altogether it is a pitiable condition both for Canada and the Roman Catholic Church.

THE result of the mayoralty campaign was unexpected, but does not seem to be deplored. As people are apt to reckon things, particularly when their own reward is in the balance, Ald. Lamb had earned the mayoralty by long service and conscientious performance of his duty as he saw it, though men conscientious in the performance of minor tasks are not always suitable for high places requiring great skill and management. Perhaps Ald. Lamb was too well known to excite popular enthusiasm as a person qualified to do great things in civic reorganization. Civic reorganization seems to be on everybody's mind, and there has been a groping in the dark for somebody adapted to this by no means easy task. Mayor Howland had demonstrated his distaste for changes which might involve more work and less posturing; Ald. Lamb, having had fifteen years of opportunity to bring out something new or to put old things in a new shape and having failed to make the mill turn out a different kind of grist, the most radical element in the city turned to Ald. Urquhart, who in Council has been considerable of an agitator, to pilot the city's business into a port the name of which is not to be Rest-and-be-Taxed. Following a conservative impulse rather than anything Conservative in politics, I supported Ald. Lamb, possibly without any great enthusiasm, but feeling in duty bound to array myself with those who desire to reward long service, honesty of purpose and good business sense. Now that the election is over I am glad to see that the

performance of this task will rest your chances for promotion. Politically a Grit is an alien in Toronto; he can hope for no promotion, for no place in the memory of the people, except by intrigue he obtains some life position quite unworthy the effort of getting it. If you divest yourself of politics and personal ambition and settle down to the task of doing the best thing that is to be done, you may be sure of support so strong and general that those who try to confound you will but injure themselves.

It is to be hoped that the new Council will elect a Board of Control of much larger dimensions than the one which has mismanaged the city's business for the past year. When the vote is taken which is to decide who are to be members of the "Mayor's Cabinet," every alderman should be noticed who starts in the new year by trucking and trading with his first vote on an important matter. Already the newspapers are demanding that the very strongest men be selected. I do not believe in newspaper government, but I do believe that if the newspapers slate every alderman who proposes to monkey with his vote on the controllerships in order to get a chairmanship for himself, and pound him good and hard in advance, he will think twice before he uses his influence to put a mediocrity where the best man available ought to be. Mayor-elect Urquhart stands for the best things among modern municipal propositions. To hamstring him, muzzle him, and defeat him in advance by loading on his neck a parcel of dubs as controllers, would be a crime. Give the new man a chance! His career so far shows that he has missed very few stitches, and if he has arrived somewhat suddenly let us support him, not for his advantage, but for the good of the city of Toronto.

NOW, with regard to what politics had to do with Mr. Urquhart's election: Though the voters' lists for the two elections are very different, it is interesting to compare the vote polled by Mayor-elect Urquhart in the Provincial general elections with the vote he received on Monday in Wards Five and Six, which are the ones comprised in West Toronto. In May last 4,267 votes were received by Crawford and 2,722 votes by Urquhart. This, of course, was a straight party division. On Monday Mr. Urquhart received in the same district 3,259 votes, while his three Conservative opponents (Howland, Lamb and Robinson) together got 4,194. In Ward Five, where Mr. Urquhart got his largest plurality, four Conservative aldermen were elected. In the general elections of last May 16,313 Conservative votes were polled in the whole city, and 12,834 Liberal. On Monday the three Conservatives who were candidates for the mayoralty polled 15,274 votes over the whole city, while Mr. Urquhart polled less than the total Liberal strength in May by over 4,000—his total vote for Mayor being 8,634. These are interesting figures and suggest many things—it being always remembered that the lists in the two cases are not the same. Readers of these columns are welcome to draw their own conclusion, but on their face the figures do not seem to bear out the notion that Urquhart was elected by a silent and solid Liberal vote.

AMIDST the drum-beating of the municipal conflict just over, ex-Alderman N. L. Steiner, one of our best citizens, disappeared from the community which loved him well. He began life as an Austrian patriot and a follower of Kossuth, and ended it as a man loved by his fellow-citizens in the place he made his city of refuge. His subdued eagerness of speech and insistent politeness, together with his high ideals of citizenship, made him a notable figure in Toronto. The grief of the widow and family is shared by the whole community.

THOUGH the Socialistic candidate for Mayor polled but few votes more than he did a year ago, municipal ownership of public franchises won a victory. It is the habit in this conservative country to ridicule Socialistic candidates and Socialism generally. In this matter we are adopting the attitude of the old established political parties in the United States, an attitude which is being abandoned. Eugene V. Debs, who made such a stir in Chicago and was probably the most attractive candidate which the Socialist party ever had, only polled 86,000 votes when he ran for President in 1900. Even the vote that he received startled those who laughed at him, but in the November elections of last year in the canvass for Congress, 400,000 votes were polled for Socialist candidates, or five times as many as Debs received two years ago. Commenting on this extraordinary progress of what seems to be an alien movement in a country socially prosperous, United States papers note that the movement is confined to no section of the country. Its candidate for Governor of Massachusetts received 34,000 votes. In California, Texas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana and many other States its vote for candidates for State officers or for Congress went up to high figures. Chicago cast 12,000 Socialist votes, and the proportion in Cleveland, Toledo, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Covington, Dayton, and other towns in the Mississippi Valley, was as large as in Chicago, and in some of them much larger. Naturally the Socialists are elated at this great showing, and they intend to have tickets in the State elections of 1903, and to make a supreme effort in the Presidential canvass of 1904.

"Leslie's Weekly," by no means the trivial paper that it was for many years, but a candidate for the first place in weekly journalism of the United States, commenting on this situation, says: "The prospect is that triumphant radicalism, rejecting the concessions which the Democratic party will make to it in 1904, will have a party of its own in the field which will poll more than the 1,000,000 votes which General Weaver, the Populist candidate of 1892, received. There is a disposition among a powerful element of the people to draw the lines between the so-called classes, and if this issue comes squarely up the stability of the Republic will be put to a severer test even than confronted it when the Stars and Stripes fell on Sumter."

THOSE interested in insurance matters, either as insurer or insured, will recall my paragraph of a couple of weeks since, dealing with a case that arose in England, the particulars of which the London "Outlook" reported, and which I copied therefrom. It was a case where a quarterly instalment of an annual premium had not been paid within the correct time, but was paid after the death of the assured, which was not even known at the time to the parties concerned, the payment being accepted by a clerk of the company, which, however, disavowed liability. In stating the particulars as given, I was careful to credit the "Outlook" not being sure that the facts had been accurately stated. A gentleman, eminent as a legal authority through his long experience both at the Bar and on the Bench, has been good enough to communicate the facts of the case in question. The policy was an annual one, the premium being payable quarterly, and by arrangement with a clerk of the insurance company the quarterly payment was made one day later than the thirty days of grace usually allowed—that is, on the thirty-first day instead of on the thirtieth. The insured died within this period, and though the premium had been accepted the company disputed liability. The jury found, however, that the arrangement to



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

must be in the Senate, in the House of Commons, in the Legislature, and in all the official walks of Canadian life. Nobody has ever yet shown any convincing reason why it should be a better thing for a Canadian to be a Roman Catholic and to be assured of his share of forty per cent. of everything that is going, than to be a non-Catholic and have to scramble for everything on his merits. It is an extraordinary thing that our citizenship should be divided in this way. Why should allegiance to a Roman pontiff place citizens of a British country in a position where they can demand offices, not on account of worth, but on account of religion? Dr. Cassidy may be overstating the case when he says that he has the support of the Ontario hierarchy, but I do not think I am overstating the case when I say that amongst all the professional men in Toronto very few duller men could be found than this applicant for a senatorship. And why should he be chosen simply because of a religion which he inherited? Of what is the Senate to be composed? Of the representatives of churches and societies and lodges, and the discarded hacks of the House of Commons, and the millionaires and schemers who are able to put up something for the campaign fund? Where is the Senate reform that the Liberal party talked so much about when it was out of power? This little hair-pulling of Roman Catholics with regard to a Senatorial seat opens up a beautiful vista of a Senate composed of the tired eggs of every community. At the approaching session of Parliament somebody ought to ask the Government what has become of their magnificent ideals with regard to Senatorial improvement. We can excuse the Administration—in fact, we are glad to excuse the party in power—for falling away from their tariff prospects. The tariff is a matter which changes with changing time, and must necessarily be influenced by circumstances and those trade winds which always blow. Reorganization of the Senate, however, is not a matter of trade winds or circumstance, or anything else. If the Senate is improperly constituted it is the Liberal party's duty to reorganize it. Our Roman Catholic brethren are showing how preposterously the thing is being run. Over the whole country there is a wave demanding a certain percentage of Roman Catholics in the Senate. To me a Roman Catholic is as good as anybody else until he begins to talk about having a claim for office on account of his religion. Then I at once close the book, for a man's citizenship is the only argument I am ever willing to hear with regard to office-holding. I am quite free to admit that the Roman Catholics are in the minority in Ontario, and have to take some means of keeping in sight, but I contend that they take the wrong means. By their solidarity they invite opposition, and by their contention that they must have something because of their religion they make it possible

newspapers which supported Ald. Lamb are showing a disposition to welcome the new man who rather unexpectedly assumes charge of the city's business, while the respected old alderman and the good-looking but rather absurd ex-Mayor are forced to look elsewhere for the employment of their leisure. I have known Mayor-elect Urquhart since he lived in Wallacetown, a cross-roads village, and very early in life was township clerk of Dunwich in my native county. While not at all conversant with the various traits of character which have advanced him from a clerk in his father's country store to be a barrister in Toronto and Mayor of the city, I am confident that his impulses are good, and his record shows that his character is reasonably strong. He now has great opportunities. If I may be excused for giving him some advice, it will be this:

Let your ambition be to be the best Mayor that Toronto ever had, regardless of consequences, without thinking for a moment of re-election, without pandering to any element or conspiring with any clique, as if this were to be the last year of your life. The task of 1903 for you, Mr. Urquhart, is to be a good Mayor. Make your record in one year if you can, but do what is right even if you fail at the end of the year to be re-elected; your efforts will not be unrewarded, and if your ambition looks higher, what you do in a perfectly independent and business spirit will always be at your credit. People are not blind to merit, but they are slow to give their confidence to a leader or even to a neighbor. In a more or less left-handed scrap in which politics had much less to do than many people imagined, you have obtained a position of which you have every reason to feel proud. Do not use it as a stepping-stone to something else, but give up twelve months of your life to showing the citizens that they have not made a mistake. So many men falter in their careers from the cross-roads village to the mayoralty chair of a city or a seat in Parliament, that you have an opportunity of distinguishing yourself by an insistence upon the principles you have advocated, and an unflinching performance of the promises you have made. Carlyle tells us that for a man to be original he has only to be sincere. Let it be your motto that the originality of your occupancy of the Mayor's chair will be the sincerity of your performance and the absolute divesting of yourself of political, personal or corporate influences. As Toronto is larger than Wallacetown, as the duties of chief magistrate of this city are greater than those of township clerk in Dunwich, so there is a place proportionately larger for the man who passes by hard work, as you have passed, to a sphere which should exalt the ambition of the most ambitious. To perform the duties of Mayor of Toronto for twelve months with a view to the future of the city, not of yourself, and unforgetful of the necessities of the present, is enough to engage the mind of any man, no matter how great. On the



accept payment on the thirty-first day had been authorized by the company, and though the case was appealed, judgment was given in favor of the insured for the amount of the policy. The gentleman who has favored me with these particulars says that though it is customary to allow thirty days of grace on the payment of insurance premiums, it is exceedingly dangerous and imprudent for policy-holders to avail themselves of the privilege. If the insured lives through the period of grace or until the premium has been accepted, everything is all right, but in the event of his death the company may decline to accept the premium, and in this country there appears to be no law upon the point, and litigation in such matters is notoriously uncertain in results. The only safe course for any policy-holder is to pay his premiums when they fall due, without accepting any days of grace. This is the point I sought to urge in my former article. I think that Parliament ought to legislate upon the point, however, and determine whether a premium paid within thirty days after it falls due must be accepted by the insurance company, even though the insured be deceased or is still living.

**\$6** 0,000,000 increase in wages! This is a mighty sum to add to the annual pay of the railroad workers of the United States, not including the managers or highly salaried people, yet it is estimated that the voluntary advance of ten per cent. made by leading railroad companies in the neighboring Republic will aggregate this enormous sum. Railroad men were always fairly well paid, and with the great difference which the advance will make in their weekly stipend they should be an exceedingly prosperous body of men. In Canada the increases have been proportionately large, exceeding ten per cent. in some cases and probably not going under it in any instance. A New York paper, in discussing the propriety and possibility of such an addition to the cost of operating the roads, says: "Although the railways paid in 1900 dividends totalling \$139,597,972, there was left a surplus of \$87,657,933, which was an increase of \$34,593,056 over the previous year." Whether the railroads made these advances to prevent a general strike or because they felt that they should divide their surplus with their employees, is immaterial. That the division has been made—a division which so nearly equals the surplus left after dividend-paying—seems to prove that if corporations have no soul they at least have some sense.

#### Social and Personal.

**T**HAT the Argonaut ball was a great success has been for several days very old news. Society is freakish and apt to change its mind at very slight provocation, and whereas upon the occasion of the last dance, given by the Argonauts just before they sailed for Henley, when, by every rule one could apply, the fair sex and their satellites, not to mention the smart sporting element in society, should have rallied to the support of the Dance Committee, there was only the most lukewarm interest evinced, and the result was a partial frost over the affair. Those who were experienced in society's ways forewarned the men who pushed the dance into completion that it was too late in the season; many were already off to other lands, and the "laissez aller" of summer was in the air. That this was one cause of the "frost" is now evident, for last Tuesday not only the young folks, clouds of snowy debutantes, ranks of agile two-steppers, were on hand, but a very splendid group of the very smartest folk in town graciously descended upon the revels and tasted the good cheer of the Argos.

There is no more delightful floor than that of the Temple ballroom, and the wide space is unbroken by pillars. There never was a better or more obliging orchestra than played on Tuesday. There was an abundance of cosy retreats for the flirtatiously inclined, and they were largely represented. There was an excellent little supper, nicely and comfortably served in convenient proximity to the ballroom, neat little dance cards and no stint of them, suggestive decorations in the line of sport which particularly interests the hosts, and "management." Everyone knows the many little comforts that come to the guests from this combination of forethought and hindthought, and gratefully recognized that the committee had it in perfection. One fault was found by many, and with that the Argonauts had nothing to do. The curious practice of ventilating a dance-room by draughts of chill air, pumped against the bare chests and arms of perhaps sensitive girls, till one remarks shivers creeping over them, is as dangerous as it is uncomfortable. I spent some time in discovering a spot where I could rest without some sort of breeze playing over me. The lessees should devise some less risky way of letting fresh air into their beautiful hall on assembly nights.

There were many handsome women in rich and becoming gowns, and among them were Mrs. Nordheimer, in grey striped brocade with diamonds and some fine white lace; Mrs. Falconbridge in a very rich black gown, with sweeping train and effective trimmings of iridescent paillettes; Mrs. Lally McCarthy, in a dainty gown of cream with touches of green; Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet in silver paillette net; Mrs. Victor Cawthra in white lace over satin; Mrs. Melfort Boulton in a handsome brocade; Mrs. Shepley in heliotrope; Mrs. C. C. Baines in canary color; Mrs. George Ridout in satin brocade, black and pale blue; Mrs. Eastwood, in black, looked very handsome; Mrs. Wilson, in pale blue, veiled in handsome paillette lace in gold and silver design; Mrs. Cosgrave, in black, lightened with lavender; Mrs. T. B. Taylor in a dainty gown of pale blue crepe de chine, with point lace bertha; Mrs. Percy Galt in a pretty white and black gown, with some dainty lace; Mrs. Albert Gooderham, most popular of young matrons, wore pink brocade with a deep flounce of finely pleated chiffon and white lace bertha; Mrs. George Perry was in black with touches of pretty lace; Mrs. Willie Lee wore a handsome cream satin; Mrs. Ross Gooderham wore a very becoming white shirred mousseline; Mrs. Arthur Massey was handsomely gowned in pink brocade, and Mrs. Bert Massey wore her prettiest frock of white lace and chiffon, with bunches of white grapes as trimmings; Mrs. John I. Davidson wore a handsome pink gown, and Mrs. Payne was in palest blue; Mrs. Sydney Lee wore a smart black gown.

The glory of belledom, which should rightly descend upon some one of the debutantes, is still resting upon that charming girl who looked so lovely, Miss Athol Boulton. The delicately pretty debutante from Glenelg was also most attractive in her pink silk frock. Miss Gladys Buchanan looked beautiful, and I heard much admiration of her. Miss Honor Clayton of Ottawa, in cream silk and lace over dress, was the recipient of a good deal of attention. Miss Annie Michie was piquante and sweet in her pretty black frock. Miss Case wore a simple and elegant white crepe frock. Miss Stuart wore pink net over pink silk. Miss Amo Osler, recently returned from England, wore pale blue with lace bertha. Miss Muriel Simpson and Miss Marjorie Cochrane, two young girls in whose charming faces one sees the perfection of "la joie de vivre," were much admired. Miss Millicent and Miss Gladys Clarkson Jones were charming in primrose and white gowns, respectively.

Miss Louise Blight was very pretty; a little bird tells me that she will answer to the cry of "next." Miss Marie-Fey was becomingly gowned in black. Miss Muriel Smith of Rosedale and Miss Nellie Allen of the same pretty suburb both looked very nice indeed. Miss Boines, who has eschewed gayety all winter in her devotion to her studies, was welcome to the frivolous side of life again. Miss Gypsy Akers, who came with her uncle, Mr. Goulding, was very pretty and had a good time, as indeed all the young contingent agreed to do. Mrs. W. Morrison, in a soft white gown, danced with all her old-time girlish grace. Miss McNaught looked very handsome; so did Miss Eleanor Cosgrave. Miss Claire Eby, Miss Edith Coady, Miss Fran-

cis, Miss Hilda Macfarlane, Miss Florence Lowndes, Miss Georgina McDonald, Miss McLeod, Miss Archie Towner, Miss Boeckh, Miss Blackburn, Miss Winnie Eastwood, Miss Tate, Miss Darling of Rosemont, Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, the happiest and most congratulated of girls, Miss Beatrice Pearson in a very pretty white frock, Miss Suckling, also looking very pretty; Miss Enid Wornum, in the smartest of pink gowns, with pretty hanging sleeves; Miss Millicent Henderson; two sweet visitors, Miss Florence Grange and Miss Hope, guests of Mrs. Allen Aylesworth; Miss Miln, very daintily gowned as usual; Miss Gladys Nordheimer, a picture of chic and daintiness, in a black gown with elbow sleeves and flowing frills thereon, and bands of cream Escorial lace as bertha and centre; Miss Heron, looking very handsome and much admired; Miss Rita Cosby, of Maplehyrn, a handsome and stylish girl; Miss Ansley, also smartly gowned; Miss Aileen Gooderham, in an exquisite dress of palest pink, inset with lace medallions; Miss Ruth Abbott, who is, I believe, one of the post-Noel debutantes, and with the president's young daughter made the Tuesday dance her "debut." Miss Taylor in pale blue; Miss Mary Ellwood in that pretty primrose frock which suits her so well; Miss May Denison, who came with her father, Colonel Clarence Denison; Miss Bessie Bethune, as usual, sweetly gowned; Miss Hedley, in pale blue, with encrustations of white lace; Miss Helen Law, in cream silk; Miss Lily Ellis, one of the popular girls; Miss Nelles, who is visiting Miss Ellwood, in a pretty white gown; Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, by many pronounced the belle, in a Paris gown of white with painted chiffon insets bordered with lace; the Misses Wheeler, Miss McArthur in a smart black gown, Miss Muriel Ridout in a becoming gown, Miss Cecil Nordheimer in pale blue crepe, Miss Jones of Paris in white satin, Miss Elsie Keeler in black Chantilly over white silk, Miss Eola Lennox, and Miss Mary Davidson in pale blue with tiny pink roses en bertha, were just a few of the dancers who fitted past my vision and made up the grace and beauty of the "mise en scene."

The opening set of Lancers at the Argonaut ball was danced by the president, Mr. Galt, and Mrs. Falconbridge. Mr. George Edward Sears and Mrs. Galt, Mr. Tom Birchall and Mrs. Nordheimer, Colonel Clarence Denison and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. Percy Hardisty and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Captain R. K. Barker and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Don Brenner and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. Colin Harbottle and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. Lorne Beecher and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. James Merrick, the secretary of the ball, and Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. Bertie Cassels and Miss Athol Boulton, Mr. Victor Law and Miss Estelle Nordheimer, Mr. Leigh McCarthy and Miss Clarkson Jones, and Mr. Wilmot Matthews and Miss Amo Osler of Craigleigh, twenty-eight in all taking part in the most extensive quadrille d'honneur I remember to have seen. Thanks to the firmness and good-nature of certain of the officers of the club, those frisky and rather ill-mannered youngsters who delight in breaking through a set of honor with a two-step were kept within bounds until the set was concluded. I have grown rather tired of protesting against this performance, which is, I fancy, peculiar to Toronto, as in no other city, or even small town, in my knowledge are the lady patronesses and their friends so bombarded and annoyed by the thoughtless or ill-bred element.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Florence Dowler of Guelph and Dr. Ernest Roland Myers of Huntingdon, Pa.

The Alliance Francaise expects a great treat on next Tuesday evening, when, under the auspices of the University of Toronto, Monsieur Germain Martin, professor of the University of Paris, a distinguished French author, who has come over from Paris to lecture before the Alliance Francaise in the United States, will deliver a lecture on "The Renaissance in France," with views of the castles of Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Chambord and St. Maclaud de Pontoise. The lecture will take place in the Chemical Building at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Sydney E. Hessin will hold her post-nuptial reception at 7 Gloucester street on the afternoon and evening of January 23rd.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, is spending several days of this week in Pittsburgh on business in connection with the appearance of the famous Pittsburgh Orchestra at the concert to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall on the 11th and 12th of next month.

Some of the men (and why not mention them?) were the president, Mr. Galt; the secretary, Mr. Jim Merrick; the "uncle" and good friend of the club, Mr. George Sears; Colonel Stimson, Colonel Field, Colonel Clarence Denison; Mr. O. A. Howland, Major Gooderham, Mr. Porter, Captain Barker, Mr. Roach, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mr. Hardisty, Mr. Alfred Hawes, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Lorne Beecher, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. Jack and Mr. Victor Law, Dr. E. E. King, Messrs. Allen, Mr. Wilmot Matthews, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Ross Gooderham, Mr. George E. Gooderham, Mr. Willie Lee, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Arthur Massey, Mr. Bert Massey, Mr. Hamber, Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. White of Quebec, Mr. Gron of Denmark, Mr. Jack Alley, Mr. Oscar Bickford, Mr. Cawthra of Guiseley House, who is a great acquisition to dancing circles; Messrs. Cassels, Mr. Bertie Cassels, Mr. Horetzki, Mr. Jack Palmer, Mr. Perry, Mr. H. Macdonald, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Leigh McCarthy, Mr. Gilbert Minty, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Osborne, Mr. H. C. Osborne, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. Calvin of Kingston, Mr. Harold Muntz, Mr. Kent.

Miss Stitt gave a very pleasant tea on Saturday last to a number of girl friends and some older ones, at which she was assisted by her aunt, Mrs. Eckley, the young hostess wearing a very smart pink crepe de chine trimmed with silver lace, and Mrs. Eckley being gowned in black silk.

graduating frock, also lent able assistance. Six girls looked after the guests in the tea-room, which was very pretty. Miss Harrison, a young friend of the hostess, in her pretty done in white and green, the table being centered with bright Irish green chiffon and lighted by green-shaded candles, and decorated with pink and white carnations and maidenhair ferns. The assistants were Miss Spence, the Misses Petrie, Miss Hill, Miss M. Galt and Miss Gladys Stitt. Mrs. Screation of London, Miss Nellie Collins and Miss Fairhead sang for the company, and Miss Florence Brown, A.T.C.M., Misses Wallace, Scott, Smith, Eosdick, Collins, Cleghorn and Miss Edith Myers, A.T.C.M., played during the afternoon.

Mrs. Kirkland's tea, Mrs. Perceval Ridout's tea, Mrs. McCollum's tea, and three smaller teas, all set for Thursday afternoon, gave some people enough to do to attend those to which they were bidden.

Mrs. Mossom Boyd (nee Heward) held her post-nuptial reception on Monday at her residence, 678 Ontario street. The bride received in heliotrope foulard, and Mrs. Windeyer poured tea, while the bride's sister, Miss Florence Heward, and her little niece, Miss Gladys Edwards, took charge of the tea-table. The decoration of the table was in vivid red, bright, fragrant carnations being the flowers employed. Many of the bride's large circle of friends paid their first visit to her as a matron, and admired all the dainty prettiness of her cosy menage.

Mrs. W. A. Warren of 2 Elm avenue will hold her post-nuptial reception next Tuesday afternoon, and will afterwards receive on the first and third Mondays.

Miss Ethel Henry's recital at Chudleigh this evening will be an ultra smart affair. The tickets for the recital limit the numbers, and are probably all taken up. Miss Henry has certainly good reason for kindly memories of Toronto, and her new friends here are charmed with her.

Despite many conflicting rumors, that there were fifty more men's tickets than ladies' tickets sold, and vice versa (it was election week!), there was a pretty even distribution after all at Tuesday's dance, and the space was quite sufficiently taxed by the dancers.

The Countess de Ruffie has arrived from Paris and is on a visit to her brother, Monsieur Rochereau de la Sabliere, at La Futie, Jarvis street.

Mrs. Fletcher Snider will receive in her new home, 111 Spadina road, next Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Snider's friends in town are glad to hear of their removal to a more comestable locality.

Mrs. Henry Sanford was the guest of honor at a tea on Tuesday at Mrs. Harry Osborne's, just a few intimate friends being asked to meet the ever-popular New Yorker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Somerville have returned from the South and are at Iverholm, 74 St. George street.

Mrs. Campbell Reaves (nee Macdonald), one of the handsomest brides of the past year, received on Tuesday and Wednesday at 73 St. George street, her bridesmaids, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Miss Pearl Macdonald and Miss Erie Temple, having charge of the tea-table. Mrs. Reaves was with her daughter-in-law in the drawing-room, and the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto and Miss Helen Cattanch assisted in the tea-room. Mrs. Campbell Reaves is one of the most charming of the young matrons, her personal beauty being enhanced by a frank and cordial manner and a graceful way of saying pleasant things.

Next Friday evening will see a gay and enthusiastic gathering of hunting men and their fellows at the pretty Hunt Club, when the Master, Mr. George Beardmore, is to be the recipient of a complimentary dinner, in recognition of his devotion to the interests of the Hunt Club. Mr. Beardmore is a quiet man, but though he says little he is always to be relied upon for the more valuable qualities of wise advice and substantial aid whenever needed, and his liberality and savoir faire have done exceeding good things for the advancement of the Hunt Club.

Mrs. Augustus Burritt is missed from many gay doings. I am glad to hear she is better in health than of late, and everyone hopes soon to see her quite well.

Mrs. Fred Burritt is out from Cape Town on a visit to her people at 71 Grenville street.

Mrs. Wellington A. Cameron (nee Jaffray) will hold her post-nuptial reception in her new home, 59 Grenville street, on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 13th and 14th inst.

Miss Jessie McColl of Simcoe is visiting Miss Dell Gooderham at 592 Sherbourne street.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson gave a jolly New Year's Eve dinner for some young friends before Mrs. Matthews' very delightful dance, at which they welcomed 1903.

The engagement of Mr. E. D. Gooderham, son of Mr. W. G. Gooderham of Trinity street, and Miss Kathleen Neelon of St. Catharines, was announced last week.

Mrs. J. Hoar of Parkdale gave a New Year's Eve dinner which was a very bright and enjoyable affair.

Many congratulations to Mr. Geary on his success in his election for school trustee. The advice of a friend, "Try something bigger, Reg," may prove a sage pointer for Mr. Geary's future success.



**WM. STITT & CO.**  
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers  
Plain and Fancy Tailor Gowns.  
Street, Afternoon and Evening Dresses.  
**MILLINERY** English, French and American  
Pattern Hats and Bonnets.  
**GLOVES** 1 class Derby Walking  
Gloves, with Saddle  
stitchings (the latest). Undressed Mid  
Gloves.  
**CORSETS** The La Grecque and  
Lattice Ribbon.  
**PARIS KID GLOVE STORE**  
11 & 13 King St. East  
Tel. Main 888. TORONTO

## A "BELL" PIANO

suggests a wealth of refinement in tone, design and entire construction. If the BELL name is on the fall-board of your piano you may rest assured that the tone will be up to the highest standard. Our years of earnest endeavor in piano-building have brought about this result. The patent inimitable repeating action now used exclusively in Bell Pianos is certainly the greatest achievement of the piano-maker's art, and its wonderful capabilities are at once apparent on examination. Send for descriptive book of pictures.

**Bell Piano Warerooms**  
146 YONGE ST., TORONTO  
Pianos Tuned, Rented and Exchanged.

## GOWANS KENT & CO

### ....Rich Cut Glass

We do our own cutting and there is no finer cut glass in America.  
In buying from us as well as securing the very best quality you save the duty and American manufacturer's profit.

**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

## McKENDRY & CO.

Millinery and Costume Specialists

## Silk Waists

We do not know of a more acceptable holiday gift than a pretty Silk Waist. It is the proper time to buy one now. We make some of the handsomest garments it is possible to turn out, and at prices so reasonable that everyone should be interested.

Prices are \$2.50, \$2.90, \$3.50, \$3.90, \$4.75, \$5.00 and \$6.50.

n black and all colors in any size.

Glad to send half a dozen to any point in Canada on approval. Keep what you require and return balance at our expense.

**226 and 228 YONGE STREET, TORONTO**

## American Beauty Bride and Bridesmaid Roses

and all other choice varieties of seasonable flowers. Our facilities for supplying them are the best. Send for our descriptive price-list. We guarantee safe arrival.

**Dunlop's**  
5 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

## Brass Kettles

AND

## Chafing Dishes

Send for Catalogue.

## Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King & Victoria Streets, TORONTO



John Ross Robertson—Well, this isn't the first time I've driven a dark horse first under the wire.



**ATTO**  
DRY GOODS ONLY

**IMPORTERS**

Household Linens  
Counterpanes Blankets  
Curtains Grottones Flannels  
Sheetings  
Suits Silks and Wool Gownings  
Mantles  
Tailored Suits Walking Skirts  
Traveling Wraps Rugs and Shawls  
Shirt Waists Gloves  
Handkerchiefs  
Cambric Underwear Corsets Underskirts  
Hosiery and Underwear  
Scottish Clan and Family Tartans  
Laces Trimmings Ribbons

**MILLINERY**  
Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring

Established 1861

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO, CANADA.

**Look Into It!  
Investigate!!**

Why should you not read more than a few minutes without discomfort?

Why should your eyes give you trouble? Why those headaches? You owe it to yourself to have your eyes carefully examined.

**THE CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO., LIMITED,**  
74 YONGE STREET

**The Manicure Art**

Are you proficient? If not. Why not? Everyone can acquire this ART. Everyone should know it. It is one of the essentials of good breeding.

The manicure goods you need you can get best at

**"HOOPER'S"**

The bare necessities are:

A pair of Manicure Scissors, A Nail File, A Nail Buffer, Nail Powder.

The luxuries are:

Emery Boards, Orange Sticks, Manicure Cleansing Fluid, Nail Enamel and Tint.

**The HOOPER CO., Limited,**  
43 KING STREET WEST  
Branch—407 BLOOR STREET WEST  
Phone—Main 536. Branch—North 2297

**PRESCRIPTIONS**

**ANDREW JEFFREY**  
Cor. Carlton and Yonge Streets  
Toronto

**A TIMELY SUGGESTION**

TRY THE DECANTER AT  
**THOMAS'**

**Webb's**

**CHOCOLATES**

Send a girl Chocolates and you will please her nine times out of ten.  
Send her WEBB'S and you will please her every time.

Plain and Fancy Boxes.

All Sizes  
All Prices  
All Druggists

## Social and Personal.

**A**t the Church of the Redeemer, on New Year's eve, a wedding of considerable interest took place, when Dorothea, eldest daughter of Mrs. Charles Owen of Tranby avenue and the late Rev. Charles Owen of Highgate, London, Eng., was married to Mr. James W. Gregg of Detroit, Mich., second son of the late Mr. J. W. Gregg. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Cecil C. Owen of London, cousin of the bride, who was given away by another cousin, Mr. A. de B. Owen. The bridal gown was of cream silk, trimmed with lace, pearls and orange blossoms, with the customary veil and wreath, and a bouquet of bridal roses and orchids, completed the costume. The maid of honor, Miss E. Lily Owen, wore an elegant gown of sea-green silk in train, a white panne velvet toque, and carried bride roses. Miss Ethel Gregg, sister of the groom, and Miss Lyrie Owen were bridesmaids, and wore frocks of white organdie and black picture hats, and little Miss Dorothea B. Owen made a sweet wee flower-girl, and strewed the bride's path with rose petals. The groomsmen were Mr. Gerald Dixon, B.A.Sc., now of Buffalo, and Messrs. Norman Shennstone and Carl Austin acted as ushers. Miss Mabel Godfrey presided at the organ. After a reception, held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg left, amid good wishes and showers of confetti, to spend a brief honeymoon. Mrs. Gregg will be at home at 108 Theodore street, Detroit, after January 15.

Miss Harris of Walmer road gave a bridal luncheon for Miss Owen on Tuesday, December 30.

An afternoon tea was given in honor of Miss Owen and her bridesmaids by Miss Minkler of Tranby avenue.

A correspondent writes: "A quiet wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, 213 Delatre street, Woodstock, on Christmas afternoon, when Miss Mabele, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. E. Dennis, was married to Professor F. C. Rulon of Collingwood, Ohio. Rev. W. L. Rutledge of the Central Methodist Church performed the ceremony, in the presence of the immediate friends of the family. To the strain of "Lohengrin's Wedding March," played by Miss Ida Manders of Woodstock, the bride entered the drawing-room with her uncle, T. W. Dobbie, ex-M.P., of Tilsonburg. She was becomingly gowned in white, and carried white roses. The bridal veil was held in place by orange blossoms which were worn by the bride's mother on a similar occasion. Miss Katharine McIntosh was a particularly charming bridesmaid, in blue organdie, and carried pink roses. Mr. Vernon H. Dennis of Toronto, brother of the bride, was best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple received hearty congratulations of their friends, after which a dainty repast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Rulon left on the 7.18 o'clock train for Buffalo, en route to their future home in Collingwood. In the departure of Mrs. Rulon Woodstock loses one of its most popular young ladies, a talented elocutionist, as well as writer of short stories."

Miss Marjorie Ball of Woodstock came down for the Argonauts' dance, and will spend a couple of weeks visiting Mrs. Harry Hunt of Jarvis street.

Mrs. Capon, 26 College street, has gone to Montreal for a couple of weeks to visit friends, and will not receive until February.

Dr. W. A. Young of College street and Dr. J. J. Cassidy of Bloor street east invited about forty medical men to "eat turkey" with them at the Arlington Cafe on Wednesday, January 7, at 8 p.m. The larger number present consisted of those who compose the staff of the "Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery," though several of their friends also partook of their hospitality that evening. The popularity of the hosts made the dinner a most recherche affair.

Mrs. William Russell Skey (nee Sidley), who is staying with her sister, Mrs. Folingsby, will receive next Friday at 23 Spadina road.

Mrs. George W. Gouinlock will receive at 191 St. George street on the third Friday of each month.

Commander Whish, R.N., of "Woodcock," Allandale, left New York in the steamship "Saxonia" last Saturday for England.

Miss Irene Noble of Peterboro' is a guest at the Avonmore, Jarvis street.

Mrs. R. F. Spence of Borden street has been ill with pneumonia, and, though rapidly recovering, will probably be confined to the house for some weeks.

Miss Elgie leaves town this week on a visit to relatives in New York and Montreal, N.J.

I hear that the dance and supper of the Rushmore Lawn Tennis Club, held on New Year's night at Mrs. Meyer's parlors, Sunnyside, was a splendid success. The dresses were exquisite and the attendance the best the club has ever had. The prizes were delivered to the successful players. The season's officials are: Honorary president, Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P.; honorary vice-president, Ald. J. J. Graham; honorary president, Mr. Randolph McDonald; pre-

**A. E. AMES & CO.**  
BANKERS  
18 King St. East, Toronto  
Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Execute orders for the purchase and sale of:

INVESTMENT SECURITIES,  
GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL  
AND CORPORATION BONDS.

Receive deposits and allow interest at four per cent.

Transact a General Financial Business

sident, Mr. W. R. Allen; vice-president, Mr. J. W. Hall; second vice-president, Miss Jolliffe; secretary, Mr. A. W. Hall; treasurer, Mr. F. D. Macquodale; executive, Miss Le Roy, Mrs. Allen, Mr. J. Burns, Mr. W. W. Dunlop.

On New Year's eve the Camilla Social Club held their 31st Home at Mrs. Meyer's parlors, Sunnyside. Covers were spread for 240 guests, who enjoyed themselves so thoroughly they danced till nearly dawn. The supper was a great success.

On New Year's afternoon a pretty wedding was solemnized at 40 Wilton avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Quarrie, when their eldest daughter, Miss Linna Quarrie, was married to Mr. John T. Sharpe of Carleton Place, N.W.T. The bride looked very dainty in a dress of white India silk, trimmed with white silk applique, and carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations. The bridesmaid, Miss May Quarrie, sister of the bride, wore white crepe de chine, trimmed with lace medallions. The groomsmen were Mr. Roscoe De Guerre of this city. Rev. Joseph Odery was the officiating clergyman. The bride received a beautiful collection of gifts. A large number of friends and relatives were present and gave the happy couple a hearty send-off on leaving for their future home in Carleton Place, N.W.T.

The Attorney-General and Mrs. Gibson gave a dinner in the Speaker's apartments on Monday night, which was a very well arranged and much enjoyed function. Mrs. Gibson wore a rich gown of silver-gray and black brocade and violets, and welcomed her distinguished guests with her well-known unaffected courtesy. The banquet-table was done in pink and silver, roses, carnations and maiden-hair ferns, with green-shaded candles in large silver branches being used artistically upon a center of frosted tulle. Covers were laid for forty. The guests included Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Hon. Edward Blake, Mrs. Blake, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Britton, Hon. George A. Cox and Mrs. Cox, Hon. Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Cregar of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harecourt.

Mrs. Mulock went down last week to spend a short time with Mrs. Thomas Tait, and has been much entertained and admired in Montreal. The bright and popular young hostess and the fair Torontonian are two friends who began and cemented their camaraderie in Muskoka, as so many summer sojourners have done, and will do, so long as the Canadian playground holds its charm. Mrs. Mulock is not expected home until next week, I understand.

Mrs. Pellatt, after an illness of nearly two months, is now able to spend a short time sitting up each day. She has been much missed and condoled with during the bright days of the ante-Noel season, and it will be some time yet before she is able to take her place in social doings.

Mrs. Vidal (nee Taschereau), wife of Colonel Vidal of Ottawa, has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Jack Carling, in London, and passed through Toronto en route for Ottawa on Monday evening.

## The Late Dr. A. Y. Scott's Funeral.

The funeral of the late Dr. Alexander Young Scott of No. 4 Field Hospital took place on Monday, the 5th inst., to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The pallbearers were representatives of the different army medical departments, namely: Lieutenant-Colonel Nattress, P.M.O. of the district; Captain J. T. Clark, O.C., No. 4 Field Hospital; Major J. M. Cotton, O.C., No. 1 Field Hospital; Major J. T. Fotheringham, O.C., No. 4 Bearer Company; Colonel Delamere, representing North-West Field Force; Mr. Sanderson Pearcey, representing Ashlar Lodge No. 247, A.E. and A.M.

The order of procession was as follows: Non-commissioned officers and men of No. 4 Field Hospital (deceased's company), followed by the Masons; Rev. Mr. Neil of Westminster Church, officiating clergyman; pallbearers; hearse; family and chief mourners, John and L. McF. Scott, brothers; Douglas Scott, son; Hugh Ritchie, brother-in-law; A. H. Selwyn Marks, John Brown, Mr. William Stewart, Rev. Mr. Brown and Mr. Gowan. These were followed by the Faculty and Council of the College of Pharmacy, in which deceased was one of the professors, represented by President J. F. Roberts, Henry Watters of Ottawa, G. E. Gibbard, John Hargreave and Henry Sherriif; J. H. Mackenzie, Isaac Curry, Andrew Jeffery and C. D. Daniels, ex-members of the Council. The faculty was represented by Dean Heebner, Professors Kendall, Chambers and Chapman, Registrar Isaac Lewis and a large body of the students of the college. Major Carpenter represented Stanley Barracks, Colonel Macdonald the 48th Highlanders and Major E. F. Gunther and Captain George the Queen's Own. Captain Jack Crean of the West African Artillery, Captain Fenton, Lieutenant Tremayne, Major Hoekes and Major Magee represented the North-West Field Force. Colonel Otter was unable to be present on account of being summoned to Ottawa. The Muskoka Lakes Association was represented by Mr. J. D. McMurrich and Mr. A. F. Macdonald. Also present were Dean R. A. Reeve, representing the medical faculty of Trinity University; Professor J. Ballantyne of Knox College, Professors Alfred Baker and W. H. Fraser of Toronto University; Rev. Dr. Milligan, Rev. T. H. Rogers, Rev. A. R. Gregory, Rev. R. M. Hamilton. The deceased's personal servant at Upper Canada College was in attendance. Among the doctors were Drs. John Caven, W. H. Gillivray, C. J. Copp, J. H. Newbold, D. McGillicray, Silverthorn and Bruce. A number of prominent Masons were present. The Masonic ceremony was conducted by R. W. Brother Benjamin Allen, deputy grand master, and there were also present R. W. Brothers A. F. Webster, district deputy grand master; Curran Morrison, past district deputy grand master; William Roaf, past district deputy grand master; W. Brother R. W. Hull, master of ceremonies; W. Brother A. T. Reid, master of Ashlar, with his officers and members in Masonic regalia, among whom were Brothers W. S. Ziller, J. D. Bailey, George Gale, Fairweather, Lyon, Shaw, Aylesworth, Douglas, Ponton,

**Lady**  
The Florist  
has a large supply of seasonable Cut Flowers.

**75 King St. West**  
Established 21 years.  
Phone—Main 2059.

**For Social Functions**  
Invitation Cards All kinds.  
Dance Programmes To order.  
Tally Cards From 10c. doz. up.  
Visiting Cards \$1.00 per 100.  
Wedding Invitations Get our samples.

**Bain Book & Stationery Co.**  
96 Yonge Street, Toronto

**THE REPAIRING OF FINE JEWELLERY**

Requires care and modern facilities to be done satisfactorily. A factory can do this work better than a store or shop. Our factory is well equipped for work of this description and enables us also to make reasonable charges. Dealing with you at first hand. Prompt attention is given all orders.

**Wanless & Co.**  
Established 1840.  
168 YONGE STREET  
TORONTO

**The Corset Specialty Co.**  
112 Yonge St., Toronto  
1st Floor over Singer Office.

Stout figures require a Corset made to order. We have expert designers, and warrant a perfect fit. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets and Health Waists always in stock. Repairing or refitting of any make of Corset neatly done.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

**OUR RELIABLE TREATMENTS CLEAR AND RESTORE THE COMPLEXION**

If a bad skin, blotched, pimply, muddy, discolored, filled with blackheads—is your trouble, our Face Treatments will cure you.

FOR lines and wrinkles, those fine (and coarse) etchings that Old Father Time has laid down, for rejuvenating the complexion, making thin cheeks a drier round and plump. Take a Course of Face Treatments.

THE GRAHAM HYDRO-VACUUM (red and blue) is a limited time from \$10.00 to \$5.00. Creative, C. complexion, Purifier, Skin Food and Ro-Cream with other helpful skin lotions, are used in giving our Delightful Face Treatments.

LADIES who cannot take treatment here can take them at home on our self-sufficiently drawn, for rejuvenating the complexion. Write for particulars about our Face Treatments.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Mole's, etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Send, call or phone N 1066 for literature.

**GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**  
Dept. H, 509 Church St., E. 11 years.

Pearcey and Massey.

Among the friends and neighbors present were Sir William Meredith, Messrs. Robert and J. F. Junkin, John Kent, Gowan, Turner, F. J. and G. Dunbar, D. W. Alexander, James Swan, Gordon Crean, R. J. Gibson. Floral tributes were sent from No. 4 Bearer Company, Muskoka Lakes Association, faculty of the

## Household Economy...

does not mean getting the most you can for your money in quantity, but in quality.

## Fry's Chocolate and Cocoa

is so pure and concentrated that it goes farther; its delicate aroma and taste make it always appreciated by sick and well.

Ask your grocer for FRY'S.

A. P. TIPPET & CO.,  
Wholesale Agents, Montreal.



## Crompton Corsets

wear indefinitely—their graceful lines produce a beautiful figure and give the wearer smart and stylish military carriage with perfect comfort.

Ask for Crompton's New Models: Styles 606, 343, 409.  
SOLD IN ALL THE DRY GOODS STORES.

## Fownes' Gloves

The most reliable and perfect fitting Glove. In demand everywhere. If you would like a well dressed, stylish-looking hand—wear Fownes' Gloves.

## Made for Women and Men

## A SKIRT SCIENTIFICALLY CUT

is a pleasure to the wearer.

## The Skirt Specialty Company

make and design such skirts, ensuring that "hang, fit and finish" is unattainable in a skirt cut from an ordinary pattern.

64 KING STREET WEST  
First floor upstairs.

## Hair-Goods

Nowadays every woman realizes the advantages of the "transformation," but every woman might not be able to avail herself of these advantages were it not for so enterprising a firm as JAHN & SON, the well known hairdressers of 73 1/2 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, who are prepared to supply "transformations" made on the most hygienic system and guaranteed of best hair at the most moderate prices.

## Ladies and Gentlemen have you consulted

**Madam Lytell,**  
335 JARVIS ST.  
In reference to the condition of your hair and scalp? If not, why not? Perfect work in Face and Body Massage, Manicuring and Pedicure. These are all essential to health and beauty. Removal of superfluous hair a specialty. Consultation free. Students instructed. Phone Main 3439.

## Stationery

Special attention given to the engraving of Dies and Copper Plates. The newest styles in Stationery and Cards.

**MISS E. PORTER**  
**WOMAN'S EXCHANGE**  
47 King Street West

**PROF. MARTIN BRAUN**  
Chiropodist  
Surgeon  
Late of Vienna, Austria.  
Treats Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe Nails scientifically without pain.

151 YONGE STREET. FIRST FLOOR.

Ontario College of Pharmacy, Council of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, College of Pharmacy, class of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Army Medical Corps, brother officers, president, officers and men of the North-West Field Force, Ashlar Lodge, as well as a great number from private individuals.

The deceased was in his forty-fourth year, and leaves a widow and two young sons. His father still survives him, and he has two brothers in the United States and a sister in Scotland.



## STOCK-TAKING SALE.

AT this time of the year our stock of Artistic Hair Goods offers exceptional inducements for ladies wishing the most stylish and newest creations in

Bangs, Pompadours, Switches, Wavy Fronts and Wigs.

Call at our store and inspect them.

**The DORENCO CO. of Toronto**  
LIMITED  
103 and 105 YONGE STREET



## The most fastidious women in America wear

## PEMBER'S POMPADOUR BANGS

None can be better and there is none better even in Paris.

127-129 YONGE STREET

## Our Wood Floors

are made in our own factory and are now to be found all over Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. They are superior to the cheap American floors imported here, and carry with them our guarantee. In addition to our Catalogue (free on request) designs, we make any other design required at low prices.

Sole Agents for Butcher's Boston Polish for floors.

**The ELLIOTT & SON CO., Limited**  
79 KING STREET WEST

**PRESCRIPTIONS. PERFUMES**  
HOT AND COLD SODA WATER  
W. J. A. & H. Carnahan, Chemists, etc.  
Cor. Carlton and Church, Toronto.

## L. A. STACKHOUSE

MANICURING AND CHIROPY  
Has removed to 186 KING ST. WEST,  
opposite Princess Theater. Telephone for  
appointment Main 1882.





## Innocence Island.

A Tale of Buried Treasure.

FRED WHISHAW.

The story opens with a "misunderstanding" between the two, the girl, in order to pique the man she really loves, gives him to Dick Robinson, a young sailor just starting on board the "Heeuba" for San Francisco. A shipwreck on the south coast brings forth the heroic qualities of the real lover, but though weeks pass on he does not seek reconciliation.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A Lost Crew.

Since the adventures of the good ship "Heeuba" were not without interest, let us return to that ill-fated vessel for a short while, and see what has become of our friends aboard of her.

Though old Jake Foster had shipped as first mate and had sailed from Southampton in that capacity, it so happened that he arrived at San Francisco as acting skipper, the captain having given away to a drinking fit which rendered him absolutely incapable of taking charge of the vessel with its twenty-odd living souls aboard.

On the second occasion upon which the skipper appeared upon deck drunk-mad, Foster took counsel with his mates and boldly seized the bull by the horns. He arrested the skipper with his own hands and had him put in irons—no easy matter, as it fell out, for the skipper struggled and fought like a devil, and it was all that a dozen men could do to half afraid of the job which smacked too much of mutiny to please these honest souls—to secure him.

Jake Foster ought to have kept the poor fellow under lock and key to the end of the voyage; if he had done so he would have avoided a tragedy and the skipper would have lived to face the music. As it was Foster allowed his captain a qualified freedom, under supervision; a concession of which the skipper showed his appreciation by jumping overboard at the very first opportunity and going under before assistance could be brought.

This was the only contretemps during the outward voyage, and the good ship "Heeuba" arrived safely, in due course, at her destination, San Francisco. Here she took on board the cargo prepared for her, and with Jake Foster duly appointed master—hailed out for the homeward passage. Among other items of the mixed cargo on board were half a dozen strong wooden boxes, iron-clamped, containing goods mysteriously described in the ship's manifest as "samples of Californian Minerals."

These boxes were placed under the skipper's special and personal care, and were packed into his own cabin for safety.

A week later the "Heeuba" was flying southwards, a helpless waif at the mercy of the most terrible gale ever experienced by the oldest hand on board. The ship's compass had been carried away; the steering gear was fouled with wreckage; the skipper had lost his bearings, and the crew had given up all hope of salvation. Men knelt and prayed aloud in every corner of the ship, offering to their Creator wild promises of amendment if only He would bring them out of their terrible danger.

For five long days the "Heeuba" ran helplessly before the gale; the waves had failed to sink her; she still floated, but that was all. The heavy sea was now gradually abating, but the ship was a skeleton of her former self. One of her masts had gone by the board and had been cut away with difficulty; where the sea would have the ship go thither she went, a helpless waif without power and without will.

And the end of all this was that on the fifth day the lookout found, as soon as the earliest glimmering of light permitted him to see a mile or two ahead, that the ship was drifting helplessly towards a reef of rocks that stretched out, like a breakwater protecting some hidden harbor, at right angles from a small island.

The sea was now comparatively smooth, and the two boats, survivors of the gale which had claimed their three companions, were lowered without much difficulty; the crew were able to take their places without accident, and by the time the "Heeuba" struck, both of the smaller craft were floating, full loaded, at a safe distance from the parent vessel. The "Heeuba," as it happened, ran straight for a narrow crevice between two overhanging rocks between which she was instantly tightly jammed without being actually ashore in so far as her keel was concerned, which floated in a fathom of water.

"We'll leave her there for the present," said the skipper. "When we've found a place to land and feel sure of our own skins we'll see if we can't come back and land the stores."

Providence had been kind indeed. Had this island been reached at night time, no power could have saved the crew. As it turned out the boats were able to effect a landing without much difficulty upon a shelving beach which lent itself readily enough to the enterprise.

Captain Jake Foster was well aware that his ship must soon break up in her present position, and that if stores and any part of her cargo were to be saved, the work must be done within a moment's delay. Within a few hours each boat had made several journeys between ship and shore and the bulk of the stores had been safely landed, as well as the six heavy boxes from the skipper's cabin. When the two sailors appointed by Foster to this job laid hold of the first chest to lift and carry it out, one whistled and the other winked.

"If this ain't all right," said one, "I don't know what is."

"This 'ere business comes out better nor what we expected a day or two ago, don't it," murmured the other. "Half a dozen boxes of it, and hid in the skipper's cabin! This is a bit of hid-dle-y-y, this is."

The boxes were brought safely ashore and piled together under tarpaulin.

Foster noted the fact that his crew

took much interest in the pile. The stores and water barrels were carefully put out of harm's way and a survey of the island was forthwith made by the captain and crew en masse.

Here again Providence was kind indeed. The island was without population, somewhat hilly, but thickly wooded; the soil apparently fertile. Cocoanuts and bananas grew in plenty. There was fresh water in abundance—the place seemed a little Paradise—and the men, coming as they did out of a five days' sojourn in the valley of the shadow, fell now into the wildest spirits.

Skipper Jake Foster called a council of his mates and three or four of the foremost men. He pointed out what was obvious to all—that Providence had treated them well indeed. "Think what might have been and what is," he said. "Here we are on dry land and with stores enough to last us a year or near; more, we've soil here, hundreds of acres, which we can plant with Indian corn and wheat from the ship's cargo; we've the poultry, what's left of the stock, which can be penned and left to breed; and there's fish in the creeks and sea-birds and their eggs for the asking. They may not find us here for a year or two, for we're well out of the beaten track; but damme if I care whether they find us or no, for if you want my opinion we're not so badly off here but what we might be very much worse."

This seemed to be the general opinion of those consulted.

"We can't get away whether we'd like to or no," said Dick Robinson, "so we've got to stay. As for me, I'd rather go home if I could. However, we shan't starve here, and if we don't quarrel I suppose we shall be all right for a bit."

"The rifles and ammunition are in my keeping and will remain so," said Jake Foster. "I suppose I shall remain boss, being skipper; if so, I shall expect you all to support me and be a kind of parliament to keep order, and so on."

It was obvious that some kind of government of this sort would be necessary, and it was agreed that the captain and mates retaining their positions, the rest of the crew should elect a parliament of six among themselves to support the officers. This must be done as soon as comfortable arrangements should have been made for the temporary sheltering of the party.

With this object all hands were presently busily engaged in running up tents and sheds, using woodwork from the ship, broken spars, torn sailcloth and tarpaulin.

By night-time things looked shipshape; there was shelter for all; the poultry were clucking and digging in their own allotment, delighted with the immense change for the better in their fortunes. The skipper and his two mates were accommodated with a tent to themselves, and within this sanctuary were piled the six boxes, the entire crew watching the process with an interest which they desired to make as obvious as possible. There was another long case containing rifles and a couple of chests of ammunition. These were placed, like the others, in the skipper's tent.

A few days later, when matters were looking more settled, and the men had had time to think things out a little, a deputation from the crew was upon the skipper and requested a conversation on matters of business. Foster received them in his tent.

Bob Evans, the bosun, led the deputation, which came in a perfectly friendly spirit, as he assured the skipper, and with the object of rendering matters easier for him, rather than hindering him in any way.

"Some of us," said Evans, "have an idea as to things which we wish to place before you. We seem to be pretty well off, sir, in this 'ere island, and there don't seem to any of us to be any call to be in a particular hurry to leave it."

"That's just as well, bosun," said Foster, laughing; "since we are likely to stay, and it wouldn't make much difference even if we was in a tearin' hurry to go."

"That's true, sir; but it's best to have a regular scheme or plan, if I may say so, as to what we're going to do even if someone was to come and offer to take us off."

"Why, in that case I suppose we should go, naturally, shouldn't we?" said Foster, somewhat surprised.

The bosun's reply astonished him still more.

"That would depend, sir," said Evans, "very considerably upon those three boxes in the corner what you've got covered up with tarpaulin. The crew wishes to know, in the first place, what you've got stowed away there, having formed their own opinion by your leave, sir, in the matter."

The skipper flushed a little. "I don't see what harm it can do to tell you, my men," he said. "It's bar gold, and belongs to a bank in London—leastways, it's consigned to them. There's enough there to buy up a small kingdom. What do the men want to know for?"

"Well, sir, it's like this. Not knowing the exact law, we ain't certain, so to say, where we are. But it seems to us that being cast away as we are, in other words wrecked, this 'ere gold—we wouldn't have been so darned careful of it—is found-money, having been wrecked as well as us, and the ship gone to the bottom or goin' there in an hour or so. It don't belong to no bank nor yet to anybody else but ourselves—fair divide accordin' to rank. That may not be law, but it's good enough law for us. What we want to know first and foremost is whether you agree that the stuff hasn't got to go back to no banks, always supposing that we go back ourselves when the proper time comes—the rest of the plan hinges on this."

Jake Foster had not looked at the

matter in this light, and the proposition startled him.

"Tell me a little more of your plan," he said. "I don't see daylight."

"Well, in two words, sir, it's like this. We don't want to be taken off this island, nor for some time to come; it's good enough for us for a year or two. If a ship was to pass to-morrow and offer to take us off, why we wouldn't go. We want to be forgotten a bit. The ship's going to break up—she won't give us away. We didn't sail in the 'Heeuba,' not we. The ship we were wrecked in went by another name, and didn't carry no gold. In three years, if someone comes along, we might agree to go, and when we do go each man has his share of the stuff to keep him company; meanwhile it can be buried; and it's to be death to touch it or to leave the island under three years, or to mention the name of that ship. That's the plan, sir, made short, and we hope you'll help us all to profit by our luck, and that you'll profit yourself like the rest, according to rank."

"Why, man, there's enough of the stuff to make ten crews rich!" said Foster. "Why shouldn't we take the first opportunity to get home, either taking the swag with us or leaving it buried, and make an arrangement with the owners to go halves supposing we produce the money. Half this little lot would give us each more'n we could spend in six lives."

The bosun scratched his head and then solemnly shook it. "Too much risk," he said. "They might refuse to divide. I reckon we should prefer the other way; what d'you say, mates?"

"I say," said one of the men with an oath, "that when the skipper talks of owners he's talking of what don't exist. Soon as the stuff's wrecked there ain't no owners; it's the property of them as finds it, and that's us. If that ain't law it ought to be, and it's good enough law for us."

"That's how we intend to work it, skipper," said another man. "We wish to deal fair and pleasant with you, mind you; but we ain't under your orders, you'll remember, now we're wrecked; our contracts being null and void. Howsomer, when you're agreed to this 'ere little matter what the bosun has explained and the main point settled between us, you'll find there won't be no friction, and you shall boss the show as before."

The skipper reflected.

"Well, it isn't a matter for us two or three to decide," he said, after a pause. "We must hold a council of all hands and see what the majority want. No use settlin' anything until we know that."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A Traitor.

A council was held forthwith, when it appeared that an overwhelming majority were in favor of the plan as propounded by the bosun. The men liked the island and the prospect of living here in absolute idleness for an indefinite period. When they should have begun to feel tired of the life they would take the first opportunity of leaving the island, each man carrying sufficient gold in his kit to keep him in idleness and plenty for the rest of his days. It was an alluring prospect. All that was required was that they should be forgotten for a while in order that they should not be associated with the loss of the "Heeuba," and the gold claimed at their hands.

"There was a ship called 'Three Brothers' lost somewhere in these seas two years ago," said Foster. "If we're to pretend we're some other crew and nothing to do with the 'Heeuba,' we'd better give ourselves out as her crew, supposing we're ever taken off."

"What about all the friends of those chaps?" said Dick Robinson, who was against the scheme and strongly in favor of a return to civilization the moment a chance of escape should offer itself. "You say the survivors should be able to live in England as survivors of the 'Three Brothers' and not have all the wives and mothers of her crew buzzing about us—ah, and the owners, too? They'd soon see we weren't the men we pretended, and what's more, the owners of the 'Heeuba' would smell us out and want to know more'n we'd care to tell them."

This was something of a stumper; but so determined were the men to have their own way that there was scarcely a vote in favor of Dick's alternative plan: to bury the gold, if they pleased them, but to return at the first opportunity and make a bargain with the consigners, who having given up the stuff as lost, would be glad to pay half the value away if by doing so they might recover the other half.

"Not knowin' the law, we can't trust 'em, that's where it is," was the bosun's dictum, and the entire crew was of the same opinion.

Votes were taken, and though two or three abstained from voting altogether, only Dick and another were in favor of his amendment.

Then a parliament of six was elected, the skipper and mates to be extra members ex officio, and the following laws were drawn up:

1. The boxes of gold to be buried in sight of the whole ship's crew. Penalty for meddling with the stuff or for revealing its place of concealment to anyone not at this time on the island—death by shooting.

2. No man to leave the island without the rest, unless by permission of the entire community. Penalty for disobedience—death by shooting.

3. No man to reveal at any future time, the name of the ship in which he had last served. Penalty for disobedience—death.

Old Jake Foster, realizing that the will of the people was the will of Providence, wisely fell in with the wishes of the majority and was the first to record his vote in favor of the bosun's scheme. Had he done otherwise he would, he knew, have forfeited the good-will of the crew, without which he could not retain his position as skipper, and as Head of the Community. Moreover, once he had brought himself to accede to the plan he soon became its most ardent advocate and most jealous upholder. Meanwhile a place was selected for the burial of the treasure, and this done the heavy boxes were solemnly conveyed to the spot agreed upon and there deposited before the eyes of the entire community. In strict accordance with the law bearing upon this matter, the president, late skipper, read aloud both the law and the statement of penalty to be enforced for disobedience to its injunctions.

All present then signed a copy of the statute, even Dick Robinson being obliged to append his signature, though he ex-

pressed formal dissent, after which the paper was nailed to one of the boxes and the place was filled in.

This matter satisfactorily settled, the community betook themselves to make things thoroughly comfortable for a prolonged stay upon the island. The unfortunate "Heeuba" had by this time gone to pieces, and the wooden beams and planks came floating ashore in quantities, all ready to hand for building purposes. Houses were quickly knocked together, under the guidance of the carpenter, and before many days had passed a village had sprung up and the community began to settle down into the regular routine of insular life.

It was enacted by "parliament" that every man, unless incapacitated by illness or other cause, should do his daily share of such work as should be apportioned to him. Land must be reclaimed and sown with wheat and maize, which quantities had been salvaged from the ship. Two men were told off as poultry hands: to see to the welfare of the cocks and hens, make hatching sheds, and so forth; others were detailed to catch fish; others to snare sea-fowl and collect eggs; there were cooks, scavengers, fuel men, water-carriers; not a hand but found himself well employed; even the president and parliament were not exempted by their position from doing their share of manual work when not actually engaged in duties of state.

Lastly, there was a "lookout" man, stationed upon the highest point in the island, where a shed was built for his protection from the weather; and here, in rotation, each man kept watch for a day and a night in order that the community might be duly warned in the undesired event of a sail appearing in sight.

The lookout man had his orders, which were on no account to make any kind of signal should a vessel pass the island. On the contrary, he must hasten down to the village, warn all hands of the danger, and at once extinguish any fire that might there be burning for cooking purposes, lest the smoke should attract observation.

Life was not unpleasant upon the island; even Dick Robinson was obliged to admit this much when, in conversation with another Seadown man, Denys Drake, the subject came up for discussion.

"Then why were you so hot against the law enacting a minimum of three years' stay here?" asked Denys.

"For the same reason that one would have thought would make you a bit anxious to get back too," said Dick. "I want to see my girl. Yours wouldn't be particular pleased if she knew you'd voted against going back to her."

"Oh, blarney!" exclaimed Denys. "It ain't as if we had the chance to go. I don't know as I'd go if we had, mind you, though I daresay I'm as fond of my girl as you are of yours. Better to wait a few years and make sure of this swag—your share of it—than go home in a hurry and, perhaps, get nothing for your pains. Why, man, I shall be able to settle the down comfortable straight away, once I do go home, and not another day's blasted work so long as I live. Go home now and tell that darned banker you've got his gold, and devil a pound you'll get. More likely you'll find yourself in jail for offering to hold it back from him!"

"What if your girl was to give you up for dead, as she may, and marry someone else?" asked Dick, but Denys roared with laughter.

"She ain't the kind," he said. "She won't be in such a blamin' hurry; and if she couldn't wait a bit for me, let her go."

"What's the good of waitin' if you're dead? She's bound to think you're dead if neither you nor any of the others turn up, not in four years."

But Denys did not see it. "That'll be all right," he said. "She'll wait longer than four years."

Dick was not so confident. On the contrary, he was consumed with anxiety on Ruby's account, for he knew well enough that his position in that quarter was very far from secure. If Keith Adams had remained behind it would have mattered so much; but from certain words let fall by Ruby, Dick had rightly guessed that the girl was inclined to think kindly of Keith—too kindly to be pleasant. Dick Robinson was very much in love, far more than he had realized when he and Keith had tossed up for first say. He was consumed with jealousy of Keith and with the desire to get back in order to do his best for himself. As for this matter of the boxes of bar gold, it must not be supposed that Dick did not desire and did not intend to touch his share. He fully intended to profit by the good fortune which had cast him ashore in company with this treasure. Whether the community remained or sailed for home, some way would surely be devised by which each man should enjoy his full share of it. Armed with his portion of this wealth, indeed, he would be a far more dangerous rival to Keith than he had been without it. He would offer Ruby a fortune ready-made; a house rent free, with a garden, pigs, and so forth; and maybe a horse to drive and pretty dresses to wear—what wench could resist such things, even though she might once have felt some softness for another chap?

Dick Robinson was lookout man one morning, some two months after the arrival of the "Heeuba's" crew upon the island. As watchman he had plenty of time for indulging in reflections such as those just recorded, and he was in full cry after his favorite ideas of returning to claim Ruby with his pockets full of gold, when something brought his cogitations to a very sudden ending.

Far away on the horizon, seeming to ride in cloudland between sea and heaven, lay a ship. Dick stared, thinking he must be mistaken; the wish had been parent to the hallucination. He stared again. It was no fancy vessel, without doubt this was a ship, or rather—to judge by the trail of smoke that lay like a comet's tail behind her—a steamer, one of the wonderful vessels—both rare and strange at this time—propelled in some mysterious fashion by boiling water.

The sight caused Dick's heart to stop beating. He stood a moment or two thinking with all his might. Then he performed an illegal act. He fastened his blanket—signal-wise—to one of the trees that crowned the summit of Lookout Hill. Then he hastened down towards the village as though to give notice of the approach of the vessel.

This, however, was not Dick's intention. On the contrary, he turned aside at the foot of the hill and scudded towards the little creek, half a mile from the houses and hidden from them by a bend in the coast line where the two ship's boats were kept. There was no one about at this place. Dick acted in a curious way.

## You've Only Got to Try LUDELL

Ceylon Tea once to find that it's the finest quality being sold to-day.

He ran first to the little shed where oars, rudders and other gear were kept. Here he first seized the six oars belonging to the larger of the two boats, and carrying them among the rocks at the side of the creek, dropped them into a crevice. Then he returned to the shed and took the oars belonging to the smaller boat and laid them within the little craft, ready for use. Both boats lay at their moorings in deep water; he could step into either in a moment. But first he returned a short way up the hill, just far enough to catch a glimpse of the vessel he had seen. It was not likely that it would pass the island without approaching it, in case there should be human beings requiring assistance. A glance sufficed to reassure Dick on this point. The steamer was much nearer than she had been a quarter of an hour ago, and seemed to be heading for the land.

In another moment he had bounded down the hillside and was in full dash for the creek, when a voice halted him. A man was running towards him from the village.

"Hi, mate," cried the fellow, "you're lookout man to-day, aren't yer? Then what in thunder are you doin' not lookin' out—here's a blasted ship in sight and no warnin' given."

"I was just coming down," shouted Dick; but he ran on towards the creek, not towards the village.

"Where the thunder are you going to, then?" cried the other. "Skipper said I was to watch and see you don't play any darned tricks—come back," he yelled frantically, realizing that Dick was making for the boat, "come back and leave them boats alone."

It was a race for the creek. Dick arrived first by twenty seconds and jumped aboard. He was still busy with the moorings when, with a curse, the other man, Burge, reached the landing rock. Dick was ready for him.

"Set a finger on the boat," he cried, "and I'll smash your head in. I'm in earnest now; you'd best look out."

Burge, with a curse, tried to lay hold of the boat's side. In an instant Dick brought an oar crushing down upon his skull. Burge fell forward into the water. The next moment Dick had freed the craft from her moorings and shoved her off. The boat shot out into the open water. Presently a few vigorous strokes had propelled her beyond the shoulder of the rocks which hid the creek from the village. At the same instant shouts of frenzied anger and alarm were raised. Dick saw a group of men rush madly towards the creek, and he thanked his stars that the oars of the second boat were hidden. At any rate he would have a good start before they were found. Then he saw old Foster come from his hut with a rifle and take steady aim. Dick crouched low till his face was between his knees. As he did so, a bullet whistled over his head. A second, following it, struck the stern of the boat. (To be continued.)

### The Cheese.

(From Alexandry's "Living Animals.")

ANY people will not be prepared to see an essay on the cheese introduced into this work. "What?" said my friend, Mr. Higgins. "You don't call cheese a living animal, do you?" It is thus that folks expose their ignorance.

Now, it has been laid down by competent authorities who have gone before me that "an animal is an organism which can move." That is the scientific definition which I accept, and upon that basis do I write this present study of the cheese.

For the cheese is an organism which can move. I can answer for those which come under my notice when father brings them home. Not only can they move, but they do move.

The cheese is a very lively animal. It is strong, powerful, and mite-y. It was from studying the cheese that the horses of the cowboys learned buck-jumping. If you take the cheese and divide it into portions, you will find each portion possesses a separate individuality. Each bit is self-contained, and is capable, in proportion to its size,

### And So

She Found How the Coffee Habit Could Be Easily Left Off.

"My husband had coffee dyspepsia for a number of years," writes a lady from Dundee, N.Y. "Coffee did not agree with him, as it soured on his stomach, and he decided to stop it."

"We felt the need of some warm drink, and tried several things, but were soon tired of them. Finally a friend told me of the good Postum Food Coffee had done her family, and I ordered a package from the grocer."

"We have used it for three years with splendid result. It agrees perfectly with his stomach and dyspepsia has entirely left him. I find in talking to people who have used Postum and not liked it that the reason is that they do not let it boil long enough. When prepared according to directions, it makes a beautiful, clear, golden-brown beverage, like the highest grade of coffee in color."

"We let the children have Postum every morning, and it agrees with them nicely, and they thrive on it. I am sure that if everyone using coffee would change to Postum, that the percentage of invalids would be far less than it is at present." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

It is easy to change from coffee to Postum, and the benefit is sure and quick, for Postum is composed only of the grains intended by Nature for man's subsistence, and it goes to work in Nature's way to correct the disorders caused by coffee and rebuild the broken down blood and nerve cells. A ten days' trial of Postum will prove this to the most skeptical.

of beating Darby or Higgins hollow at any jump they care to mention. And I would back each mite-y atom (apologies to Miss Marie Corelli, mother's favorite novelist), to perform a first-class Highland Fling.

The last cheese father brought home walked off the plate, jumped off the table, stalked out of the house, and started fishing in the Wandle, using portions of itself as bait.

Father brought it home again with the tongs, and locked it in the pantry. In the middle of the night Cousin Evelina thought there was an escape of gas. She lighted a candle and opened the pantry door. There was a terrific explosion, and the pore girl was blown through the window and across the road.

Father tied up his nose and went and put a fifty-six pound weight on the cheese. But it got up and walked through the hole in the wall. People died in dismay, and the bushes in the gardens were withered and shrivelled up.

Father pluckily flung a sack over the cheese just as it broke into a canter, and dragged it home behind him. He locked it up in the safe.

In the morning the sanitary inspector had been sent for by the neighbors. He said he should have to condemn the place if we kept our drains in that state. Father told him it was a cheese that was doing it, and he could scarcely believe his ears. But he believed his nose when father opened the safe door. He ordered its immediate destruction, and said he would send some men to dig a grave and bury it in quick lime. But while he was talking, it got up and walked away. Nobody dared stop it, it was so strong and fierce. Fortunately it fell in the river, and though we watched it swimming powerfully for hours, it finally wrestled in its last agonies and sank to the bottom.

"Many a True Word Spoken in Jest."

Scene—The Club Smoking-room.

Old Hummerbug (with much gravity, between the puffs of his pipe)—Ach, I had done a fery derrible ting to-day.

Friend (startled)—Indeed! What's that?

Old Hummerbug (still more gravely)—I haf peen derd of many hundreds of beoples losin' dere lifes.

Friend (more startled)—Bless my soul! What have you been doing—dealing in dynamite?

Old Hummerbug—No—vorser dan dat. I vas shattering my son Carl in der medical profession.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind, which has caused considerable annoyance to Mr. Sousa, is reported from Chicago. A fire broke out at Lincoln School in that city. Upon seeing the flames one of the pupils coolly sat down at the piano and started playing a Sousa march, whereupon her fellow-school-girls at once marched out of the building.

Common soaps destroy the clothes and render the hands liable to eczema.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Balls, At Homes, etc.

If you wish to arrange for Parties of any kind, or any size, be sure and see our Ballroom and Banquet Parlors. The Ballroom has a perfect floor, lofty ceiling, no pillars, fine piano. Adjoining the Ballroom are the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing, Card and Smoking Rooms. The whole establishment is steam-heated and built on hygienic principles. All night cars. Phone Park 955.

Address, P. V. MEYER, 1801 Queen W.

British American Business College

Yonge and McGill Sts., Toronto

Day and Evening Classes. Catalogue free.

B. McKEIN, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

ONTARIO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY

21 NORTH STREET

Consultation and examination free.

Every facility for the treatment of disease without the use of drugs. We make a specialty of Chronic cases. Experienced lady assistant. Testimonials and literature upon application by mail or in person. Phone—North 178.

For Such Changes in Temperature

as we have experienced this week NO OTHER UNDERWEAR IS SAFE but pure, undyed Wool. NOT HEAVY.

Wearing heavy woolen garments has created passing fancy for cotton or linen. You want a pervious fabric that will maintain AN EQUABLE WARMTH.



## The SECRET OF PERFECT BUST FORM



**Sent Free**  
Madam Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, before and after using the Corset System. Letters are confidential. Enclose stamp and address, Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.



## Pure, Fragrant and Cleansing. BABY'S OWN SOAP

IS UNRIVALLED FOR NURSERY AND TOILET USE.  
Don't risk imitations on Baby's delicate skin.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. MONTREAL.

## Soiled Lace Curtains

cleaned by us without the wear and tear usual to ordinary cleaning.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto

301 and 791 Yonge St., 50 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.  
Phones: North 2011, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 95.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Brentwood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Brentwood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINK IT ALL—  
—NO DRESS—  
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.  
A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers.

**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited



## "Hagar" Slippers

To be had only of

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
114 YONGE STREET

## Curious Bits of News.

At an inquest on a case of a suicide recently held in England, the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

An Omaha woman has sued for divorce because her husband refused to put on dress clothes for dinner. He worked in a pork-packing house and his clothes "hummed" when he came home, but he said he was too tired to change. In Dakota divorces have been granted for wearing long toenails and eating biscuits in bed.

"Drink ruins many a home" was the maxim—together with the even more unpleasant "Nine out of every ten consumptives become so through drink"—that a Paris hatter found on labels stuck inside all his stock of hats. He had dismissed an assistant who was a very strong teetotaler. Hence the labels. A lawsuit is to follow.

The decline of man! Here is an advertisement in the "Age" (Melbourne), wherein a man wants a woman's bill, and is willing to accept a girl's wages to keep it: "Man respectable, steady, elderly, seeks home, town or country; pay 5s week; do housework, mind children; open till Wednesday next. Domestic, G.P.O."

Commandant Booth-Tucker reports (in "Social Service," New York) that the Salvation Army has made remarkable progress in the United States during the last six years. The number of officers, cadets and employees has grown from 2,034 to 3,048, and the money expended in charities from \$200,000 to \$480,000. Four years ago a Christmas dinner was provided for about 100,000; this year provision was made for no less than 250,000 persons.

A New York parson has rebuked the women of his congregation for wearing too large hats. He complained that some of the brims were so extended that he could not see the wearer's mouth to administer communion and narrowly missed pouring it into the side balcony of the pulpit. In Switzerland an unrepentant law forbids the wearing of hats more than 18 inches in diameter under a heavy penalty.

A placard reading, "Will not return until December 3," placed upon the door of a residence in West Philadelphia, was so informing to burglars that when the family did return at the date fixed they found the house ransacked, and silverware, jewelry and much clothing missing. The police were notified, but the thieves had not been so accommodating, and left no hints on their part.

At a beef-eating tournament at New York the other night Charles O'Hara defeated Patrick Dwyer, the former champion, by devouring seven pounds of steak at a short sitting. Dwyer was not in good condition. At the former contest he consumed fourteen pounds. At the present time the American gourmandizing championships in other edibles are held by the following: Oysters—Frederick Mackey of Kansas City, who devoured 100 in nine minutes. Pies—Samuel Jackson Suffer of New Jersey, who ate fourteen mince pies in nineteen minutes. Apples—Charles Haning Westwood of New Jersey, who consumed a barrel in one week. Apricots—Pink of New York, who ate ninety in seven minutes. Eggs—Franz Frederick of Williamsburg, who ate fifty in one hour.

## Rapid Advancement.

A Dutchman whose son had been employed in an insurance company's office was met by an acquaintance, who enquired:

"Well, Mr. Schneider, how is Hans getting on in his new place?"

"Shoots splendid, he was von off dem directors already."

"A director! I never heard of such rapid promotion—that young man must be a genius."

"He was; he shoot write a splendid hand."

"Oh, yes, plenty of people write good hands, but you said Hans was a director."

"So he was" (indignantly); "he direct dem circulars ten hours every day already."—"Pick Me Up."

## Lost Sight Of

A Most Important Aid to Education.

An important point often overlooked by parents in bringing up children is the use of proper food as an aid to education.

Children make wonderful progress when scientifically fed.

A little woman in East Brentwood, N. H., says of her girlhood days: "I was never very rugged, and cold lunches and hearty evening meals and improper food soon began to work serious havoc."

"Then came a period of self-boarding while away at college, and it is now easy to see where, in the haste to acquire knowledge, the true knowledge of proper and nourishing food was neglected. The result, as may be imagined, was indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. Then followed a weary time of dieting and, one after another, physicians were consulted, till hope of permanent cure was abandoned. Then, two years after leaving school, I entered a new home as a bride, and having grown wiser through experience, I resolved to use food in accordance with hygienic principles. This was also necessary, as I could not eat anything at all rich."

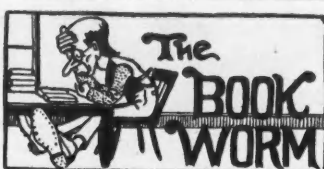
"We commenced to use Grape-Nuts and soon became convinced that it was the most nutritious food we could obtain. I noticed an immediate improvement in my health, my indigestion became less marked and eventually left me for good."

"It is now two years that we have eaten Grape-Nuts regularly, and I have gained ten pounds in weight and can eat without causing the slightest distress, the richest kind of food as well as anyone, the dyspepsia is entirely gone and constipation never troubles me."

"This may not interest others, but it is of great interest to us, for it is our firm belief that my present good health is due solely to the constant use of Grape-Nuts, and we feel that we have great reason to be thankful to the maker of such a perfect and delicious food."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Amongst the great things that he



## The BOOK WORM

M. R. E. CAMERON, registrar

of the Supreme Court of Canada, has added to his historical literature an interesting book in "The Vansittart Memoirs" (Toronto: The Munsion Book Company.)

Ralph Vansittart, the ostensible narrator of this record of political events from 1861 to 1867, purports to have been a Tory member of the Canadian Parliament, sitting for a Western Ontario constituency in the London district. How far the narrative placed to his credit is authentic, and how far fictitious, the author (or editor?), Mr. Cameron, has not seen fit to explain to his readers. The book reads throughout like the contemporary impressions of a participant in the events dealt with. But if it is what it seems to be, Mr. Cameron should have removed all doubt by declaring his bona fides in a preface or introduction of some sort.

The "Memoirs" deal principally with the political events culminating in governmental deadlock and the consequent Confederation movement, happily consummated in 1867. Vansittart was elected to Parliament in '61 as a supporter of John A. Macdonald. Though continuing to follow the fortunes of that great manipulator of men, one gathers from his narrative and comment that he did not greatly admire or respect his chief. His political and personal affections seem to have centered chiefly upon Thomas D'Arcy McGee, to whom and George Brown he gives credit for being the real fathers of Confederation. A great part of the book is devoted to eulogy of McGee and to history of the Fenian movement which was McGee's undoing, but the reader gets new and intimate acquaintance with the characters of a great many of the principal statesmen in those days when there were political giants in the land. The impression left by the whole narrative is that though Canadian party politics in the pre-Confederation period were narrow and sordid, though the issues were often small, a race of big men was produced who cared probably less for power and more for their principles than the present school of politicians, and who, when a great emergency arose, could be magnanimous to one another and true to the people whom they served. These men, in the confederation movement, were building better than they knew—better than the people knew. The Vansittart memoirs make it abundantly clear that in the making of the Canadian nation deadlock preceded wedlock. Confederation was forced to an issue merely as a way of escape out of interminable and intolerable partisan turmoil, such as we have recently experienced in Ontario. But when it became evident that confederation was the only alternative to national disaster, the bigoted factionists of the day, for the most part, became broad gauge statesmen and patriotically joined hands to make a virtue of necessity.

It is regrettable that Mr. Cameron's volume is, mechanically, a poor piece of work—the make-up being repellent and the proofreading most slovenly. Scarce a page but is disfigured by errors in typography and punctuation. Though generally master of an easy and correct style, Mr. Cameron is occasionally not as careful as he ought to be. Whether or not these are mere "slips" or an author of Mr. Cameron's standing should not have allowed such a sentence as this to go to the public:

"Before the conclusion of his remarks he was interrupted in a sneering manner by the Premier, which gave rise to the most scathing retort ever listened to in the House, and could only be compared to another extemporaneous speech, drawn from him a month later, when attacked by one of his old friends, Mr. Huntington." An analysis of the subordinate clauses of this sentence is fatal to the meaning which the author meant them to bear.

And, again, there is this passage: "It was now past midnight when this breeze sprang up, and was entirely unappreciated by the parties or anticipated by the House." If a second edition is issued such crude blunders as these should be rectified.

"The Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Four Times President of the South African Republic, Told By Himself" (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited). This volume of nearly 450 large pages contains what Mr. Kruger dictated to Mr. H. C. Bredell, his private secretary, and Mr. Piet Grobler, a former Under Secretary of State for the South African Republic. These intermediaries handed their notes to an editor, Rev. Dr. A. Schowalter, who spent several weeks at Utrecht in constant colloquy with Mr. Kruger in an effort to make plain certain points by presenting some hundred and fifty questions which Oom Paul was requested to answer. This should be enough to indicate the plan of the work, which begins when as a boy of nine Kruger left the land of his birth with his parents and his uncle, Gert, and Themas Kruger. This interesting outfit had apparently lived on Vaalbank Farm, in Cape Colony, where the author of the memoirs was born on the 10th of October, 1825. The story of the trek and the grand trek, and of all the disputes with Great Britain, of which we know too much, and with the blacks, of which we know so little but have heard much, is set forth with a certain distinctness which does not imply accuracy. The story is interesting, including as it does considerable adventure in lion and elephant-hunting, in defeating the Bechuanas, the Zulus, the Kafirs, and all the black opponents of Boer rapacity; also accounts of the skill with which Kruger in the Boer civil war, though apparently both parties were Scripturally supported, put all his opponents to rout. It is really wearisome to read of this man's divine message to do up other people. A dozen campaigns are described in which Kruger, first a field-cornet and afterwards a commandant-general, went out and overthrown all sorts of natives and foreigners who failed to receive the Boers as God-sent reorganizers of South Africa. The extraordinary egotism of Mr. Kruger would be stunning if it were not that he distorts historical truths in many of the incidents which he describes. Of course we have no proof as to the lions and elephants and other big game which he put to death under most extraordinary circumstances, but we do know that he has accomplished great things.

Amongst the great things that he

claims to have done are many which clearly prove the crookedness of his character, the duplicity—what the Boers call the "slimness"—of his methods. In convention with nigger chiefs, British generals and the best people of his own race, he demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that he was much more cunning than anyone who spoke against him. His affectation of religion is disgusting, taken in conjunction with his assertion of what in many cases is almost traitorous cunning. It seems to me that this book is sufficient to establish Paul Kruger as an exceedingly clever man and a good deal of a scoundrel. Those interested in South Africa or the South African war should read it.

## German Dress Reform.

A CORRESPONDENT writes on the subject of "Dress Reform Made in Germany:"

"A friend of mine who is just back from Berlin tells me that she paid a visit to the Dress Reform Exhibition which was held there, and anyone who is familiar with the ordinary types of Teutonic toilette will certainly agree that reform of some kind is a 'felt want' in the Happy Fatherland."

"Unfortunately, however, in the country where sausages and sauerkraut are more plentiful than a sense of humor, it appears that this exhibition was held strictly on the principle enunciated by 'old-man Aesop' in his fable of the fox that had lost its tail. The object of this Dress Reform Exhibition was not to inspire the dumpy Deutsch ladies with a desire to dress themselves in a rather less dowdy manner, but to convert the rest of the feminine world to the style of costume which earns for the German lady the distinction of being reckoned the worst-dressed woman in Europe."

"It need hardly be said that the first article of feminine toilette which they propose to abolish is the much-abused corset, though no one would ever discover from personal observation that such a thing had ever been heard of by the female subjects of 'Fidgety Will.' Along with the corset they are anxious to get rid of pointed shoes and tight-fitting kid gloves, the ideal Teutonic Venus being apparently an amorphous, waistless goddess, splay-footed like a Dachshund, and, like the village blacksmith, possessing large and sinewy hands, clad comfortably in clumsy cottons."

"The skirt is to be short and shapeless, and is to be so arranged that all the weight shall fall from the shoulders instead of from the hips. 'Nothing tight-fitting, but everything sloppy and shapeless' seems to be the watchword of this German dress reform. The intelligent traveler, however, will rub his eyes and ask, 'Why all this fuss to organize a system of carrying coals to Newcastle?' For all these characteristics are already the leading features of a German woman's costume, and to make her any more dowdy and shapeless would be almost an impossibility. It seems curious that, while Vienna is, in the opinion of many competent judges, the best-dressed city in Europe, owing to the fact that the Viennese ladies pride themselves on the possession of most carefully-trained and perfectly-corseted figures, the ladies of the rival capital pride themselves on the exact opposite, and enjoy in consequence the reputation of holding the record for bad dressing."

## Pope Leo's Table.

The Pope is a poet, and, verily, he dreams betimes, and the "Epistle" is a splendid dream done in verse. Listen to Dr. Henry's exquisite translation of these stanzas:

That meat and drink might health and strength confer,  
And happy life, Ocellus, follower  
And careful student of Hippocrates,  
Was wont to frame such thoughtful rules  
As these:

(Pointing the moral with men's glut-tonies):  
Seek neatness first: although the board be spare,  
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair;  
And be thy vintage purest of the pure,  
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure,

That shall both friends and wholesome much ensure,  
Be frugal here, however; nor decline  
To put a frequent water to your wine.  
O crystal drops that heaven from ocean lifts  
To shower on earth the best of nature's gifts!

Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,  
And have in plenty all the goodly meat  
Of fowl and lamb, and ox (but first be sure)  
They're tender, nor with pteuous garniture

Of spice and pickle play the epicure!  
Next have the beakers foaming to the brim  
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim.  
No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage  
The thirst of childhood or declining age.  
Let golden honey be thy daintier fare:  
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share.  
Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town,  
Hard boiled or soft, or fried to savory brown,  
Or poached, or dropped, or slipped raw from the shell,  
Or done in ways too numerous to tell.

## Saving the Child.

"If a person swallows poison by accident or purposely, instead of breaking up into incoherent and multitudinous exclamations, despatch someone for the doctor."

"That sounds sensible," said Jones, as he read the above advice aloud to his wife one evening.

Then he read:  
"Meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much mustard, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, and run down with the mixture."

"There, my dear," said Jones to his wife. "You'd better bear that in mind in case one of the children should accidentally get hold of poison and I shouldn't be at home. But you women fly right off the handle at the very time you ought to be self-possessed and have all your wits about you."

The very next day the servant came running upstairs and gasped out:  
"Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Jones! The baby! He's swallowed half a bottle of lodyrum, and—"

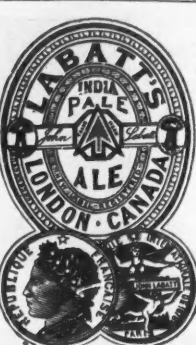
"Good gracious!" shouted Jones, jumping three feet into the air and yelling like a hooligan. "The child'll be dead in ten minutes. What are we going to do? Run for the doctor! Get some of the neighbors in! Devil take it, are we all going to sit here and see the child die? We must have help! Help! Murder! Can't you think of something to do? Here, what'd I read the other day? I told you to remember it. It said half a glass of salt to a teaspoon of water and a cup of mustard, didn't it? My word! has the child got to die while we all sit here doing nothing? Give him warm water and soda! Run your finger down his throat! Do something! Put your head out of the window and yell for help!"

And while he was doing so himself, and a crowd was collecting in front of the house, Mrs. Jones, who had said not a word, discovered that the child had swallowed nothing but a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

## How to Get Rich.

Take a quantity of silica costing one-fourth the price of oil; mix it with oil, and sell the compound to the public at the price of pure oil; offer "prizes" with the compound to make it sell. It is such a compound the public get when they buy common soaps.

In Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—the public buy a pure and well-made soap. Sunlight Soap reduces expense by prolonging the life of the articles washed with it, which is much more profitable to the public, than common soaps with "prizes."



## PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO

## GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

## LABATT'S ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

## A Popular Boot

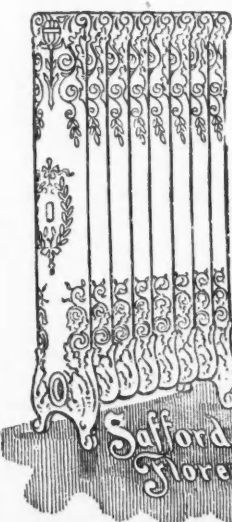
is our new vici kid, patent tip, turn sole, lace boot. Made of beautiful stock, with a Louis XIV. heel, in sizes 1 1/2 to 7, widths B. C. It's a Rochester line made by John Kelly. **\$5.00**

**The St. Leger Shoe Co.**  
110 Yonge Street, Toronto

*Blue Ribbon Tea*  
relished from youth to old age.  
Are you drinking it?

## There's Only One Radiator

## "The Safford"



Perfect in Castings

Screw Nipple Joints

No Bolts

No Rods

No Packing

Tested to 140 lbs.

Pressure

WRITE TO US FOR  
BOOKLET ON HOT  
WATER AND STEAM  
HEATING.

## The Dominion Radiator Co.

LIMITED

Head Office and Works: Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

off the handle at the very time you ought to be self-possessed and have all your wits about you."

The very next day the servant came running upstairs and gasped out:  
"Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Jones! The baby! He's swallowed half a bottle of lodyrum, and—"

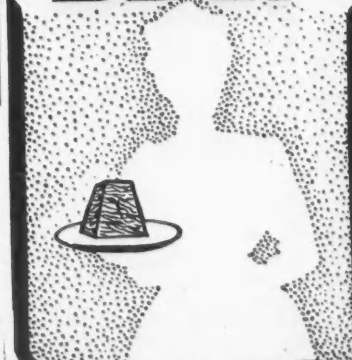
"Good gracious!" shouted Jones, jumping three feet into the air and yelling like a hooligan. "The child'll be dead in ten minutes. What are we going to do? Run for the doctor! Get some of the neighbors in! Devil take it, are we all going to sit here and see the child die? We must have help! Help! Murder! Can't you think of something to do? Here, what'd I read the other day? I told you to remember it. It said half a glass of salt to a teaspoon of water and a cup of mustard, didn't it? My word! has the child got to die while we all sit here doing nothing? Give him warm water and soda! Run your finger down his throat! Do something! Put your head out of the window and yell for help!"

And while he was doing so himself, and a crowd was collecting in front of the house, Mrs. Jones, who had said not a word, discovered that the child had swallowed nothing but a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Wall street arithmetic: 10 mills make one trust, 10 trusts make one combine, 10 combines make one merger, 10 mergers make one magnate, 1 magnate makes all the money.

The manager of a concert given in a small town, instead of putting "not transferable" on the tickets, posted a notice on the door: "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

## READY LUNCH BEEF



Ready Lunch Beef is different from other canned beef—and much better. Retains the flavor nutrition of Prime Beef.  
WM CLARK MFR. MONTREAL.  
Have you ever tried CLARK'S delicious PORK and BEANS?





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1709  
                  { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 16. TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1903. NO. 9.



## THE DRAMA

"The Taming of Helen" ought to be re-named "The Taming of Henry," for it certainly does not afford Mr. Henry Miller fair scope for his admirable and peculiar talents as a comedian. Within the limits of his opportunities in the new piece, Mr. Miller gives a polished and skilful performance, but it is all fearfully lacking in spontaneity, and except in one or two passages the star conveys the impression of being bored by his part. The company struggle valiantly with a diffuse, anaemic and altogether improbable love story, and at times they succeed in infusing it with a semblance of animation. But without Mr. Miller and Miss Milward to give the piece prestige, neither the play nor the performance could possibly interest anyone. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the industrious but illiterate gentleman who set out to tame Helen but has only succeeded in taming Henry, is addicted to the bad habit of flattering his fellow-countrymen and tickling their vanity. In this present work he has not departed from his ancient custom; so we have a story that is based upon the experiences of an "American" literary genius and an "American" heiress in London, where they duly astonish and confound the natives—the one winning fame and fortune as a playwright after many reverses and discouragements due to the pigheaded stupidity of English theatrical managers; the other scoring social triumphs in aristocratic circles, presumably on the strength of her fortune, though in Miss Grace Elliston's case it might well be on the score of personal charm. Worked in with the account of these successes of young America in effete England, but really subordinate to them in interest, is the "affaire de coeur" of the youthful playwright and his rich fellow-countrywoman. Of course this interesting couple are in love with each other, and of course they have a misunderstanding; equally of course, the quarrel is patched up at last and everything ends happily, as it should. In the development of the story, Mr. Davis finds opportunity to introduce us to both Bohemian and aristocratic circles in London, as he conceives them. The first act takes place in the bachelor apartments of the struggling dramatist; the second in the entrance hall of Lady Gower's town house; the third in the green-room of the Imperial Theater. Surely here is variety enough! If one is not quite convinced by the appearance, manners and address of the ambassadors, dukes, marquises, baronets, etc., one can find less fault with the butlers, flunkies and call-boys. The green-room scene does much to compensate for the tedium and unreality of the preceding portions of the play. It is the best written, the best staged and costumed, and the best performed act of the three. Mr. Davis has struck a vein of genuine comedy in this final chapter of his story, and only in the last half hour do the actors seem to warm up to their work and feel that they have something to do worth doing. On the whole, "The Taming of Helen," though much more favorably received than "D'Arcy of the Guards," in which Mr. Miller last appeared here, is decidedly inferior to that play from almost any point of view. If the Davis drama proves a success on the road I shall be somewhat surprised.

A very ordinary performance is that offered at Shea's this week. Having had two such exceptionally good previous weeks, a commonplace performance naturally seems flatter than usual. The headliner, George Fuller Golden is either deteriorating sadly in his ability or else the standard of this sort of work is rapidly improving, for there are many cleverer and less expensive monologue artists who visit Toronto, to say nothing of those who are more refined and prepossessing. The Beaux and Belles Octette are here again—the belles wearing their last year's frocks (and they do look seedy). They have some new music, however, and their turn is quite neat. Hayes and Healy are old timers here with that kicking act of theirs. Klein Ott Brothers and Nickerson's musical act is very fair, though they are nothing much on the brass. Ed. Reynard, the ventriloquist is obviously a master of his specialty, and one can scarcely believe that the many voices produced seemingly from the mechanical dolls are in reality the work of one "mere man." The bill is dragged to a close with the assistance of the Brothers Andersen, acrobats; Lizzie and Vinny Daly, dancers; Cooper and Bailey, comic comedians, and the kinetograph.

The play at the Grand this week, "The Volunteer Organist," would have been a very appropriate one during the prohibition campaign here, so many practical examples it presents dealing with both sides of the question. It is a return visit, but there was a large house on opening night. One sees too much of the degradation caused by strong drink in real life to enjoy the first act of this play; the sight is repellent. But the rest of the play is pleasing, as it deals with many kindnesses and simple, sincere Christianity. The characters are well represented and the production is well staged. Lewis Wood as hobo, volunteer organist, and at last reformed drunkard, is good. John Milton makes quite a fine young minister, and Carrie Thomas as Lucretia the tavern-keeper's sister, is a pretty and clever actress. The incidental music is good, with, of course, the exception of Ebb Utter's trombone, which one must hear to understand why it should be excepted. LANCE.

Devised with special fitness to satisfy the devotees of high-grade entertainment, will be the vaudeville bill offered by the Empire Show, which appears at Shea's during the week of January 12. During acrobatic and equilibristic feats, graceful acting, feminine grace and agility, and uproarious comedy, are embodied in this stellar attraction, that



AT HOME COMMITTEE, ROYAL COLLEGE DENTAL SURGEONS, 1902-03.

Those standing, from left to right, are: W. Bonney, L. G. Thomson, Dr. Earl Willmott, F. L. Williamson. Those seated, reading from left to right, are: Messrs. W. H. Caverhill, W. J. McMurray, F. W. How, H. Popplewell, G. B. New, G. A. M. Adams, W. Kennedy.

for a feature presents James J. Corbett and his wholly original and up-to-the-minute monologue. As an underliner, or special added feature, the Three Meers, who are brought direct from Europe especially for the Empire Show, will offer their daring wire novelty, in which they apparently defy all laws of gravitation. A comedy sketch will be presented by Hal Davis and Inez Macauley. The latest songs of the day, specially written by William Jerome, the well-known song writer, will be sung by Miss Maud Nugent. The Rialto Belles, nine handsome girls, will have a big singing novelty. Other features will be: Parmene Brothers, another European importation; Raymond and Caverley, Dutch comedians; Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney, who, by the way, is a daughter of the late famous Pat Rooney; and the Geller Troupe, in artistic posings.

It is said that the restaurant scene in the second act of "The Two Schools," which will be seen at the Princess Theater next week, is not only marked by humor of the sprightliest kind, but also by ingenious originality on the part of the author. Here the latter contrives to bring all his principals together in the most natural way, and then he manages to make them "brush" one another in the most dexterously funny fashion. Jameson Lee Finney, New York's favorite in light comedy roles, appears in this scene as the divorced husband, and Ida Conquest, for years leading lady with John Drew, as his ex-wife. He is seated at a table in a fashionable Parisian restaurant with a dashing grass-widow, in whose charms he is seeking solace for his broken married life. The widow is charmingly represented by Jessie Busley, and while the two are exchanging sharp witticisms over certain disagreements, the ex-wife—accompanied by her father and mother and the man whom she has selected in prospective to be her husband number two—enters and sits at the table opposite. M. A. Kennedy, that capital comedian, is the father-in-law, Ida Waterman the mother-in-law, and Winchell Smith the prospective husband. Of course the divorced husband is not on speaking terms with his former wife or any member of her family circle. Luckily for him he is seated with his back towards the table where she is sitting, and so he is unaware of her presence. But his pretty companion knows one of the new comers, for she has been ardently admired at one time by the father-in-law. The old gallant is the first to discover the proximity of his former son-in-law; soon it is divulged to the others of the party, and the fun begins. The sequel is snappy and mirthful in the extreme, and all is conducted on a high comedy plane. This is said to be only one of the

many funny incidents in the Capus comedy which made the laughing hit of the season at the Madison Square Theater. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

### A Pink Candle.

A DECOROUS but urgent crowd of women was gathered round a counter where decorated candles were on sale at reduced prices, when a piercing voice from the edge of the crowd made known a wish.

"I want a pink candle!" came the plaint. "I have to catch a train. Can't you show me a pink candle?"

At first the saleswoman paid no heed, but as the demand was repeated again and again, she finally said, "As soon as I can I will look, madam. I think the pink candles are all gone."

"Oh," wailed the woman on the edge of the crowd; "are you sure? I don't want a white one! I want a pink candle!"

"Can't you find me a pink candle? I have to catch a train," came two minutes later from the voice, which was now nearer the counter. "You don't seem to have anything but white ones."

"In a minute, madam," said the saleswoman; and at last, by virtue of two women volunteering to wait until the insistent customer was served, the applicant for the pink candle reached the counter.

"You wouldn't wish one of these white ones with the pink roses?" asked the saleswoman, rummaging in her boxes.

"I said I wished a pink candle," came in an injured tone. "I don't know how many times I need to say it."

"Would this one do?" The saleswoman at last produced a pink candle, somewhat jammed at the lower end.

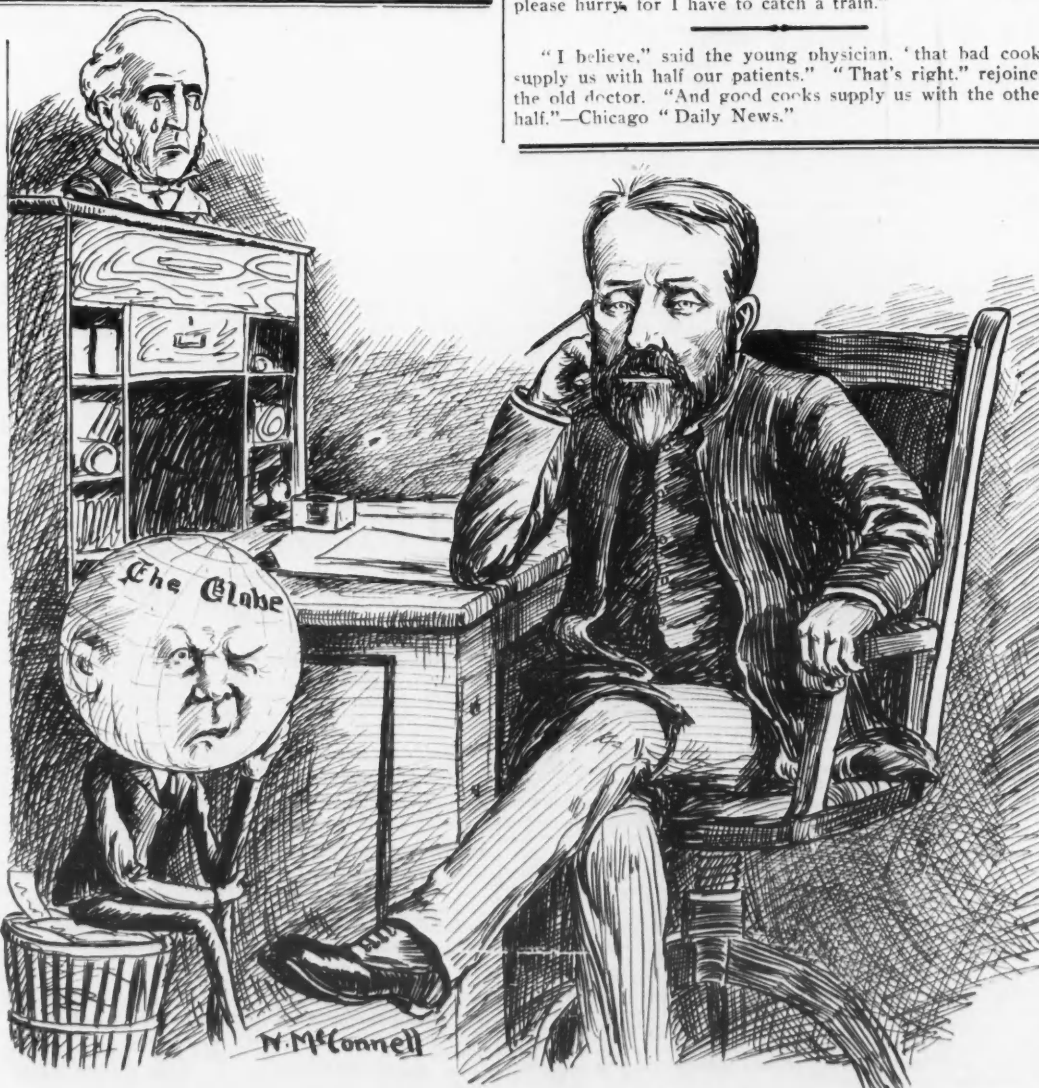
"That! No, of course not! I must have a perfect one."

There was an interval, during which the saleswoman was out of sight under the counter. When she rose again, flushed but triumphant, she disclosed a little package still in its wrappings. It proved to be a candle of pale pink, fresh and unmarred in any way.

"There, madam!" she said, wearily. "I've found this one candle that had been overlooked. Twenty-five cents, please."

"Wait!" said the woman, imperatively. "I—I think I'd rather have a white one, after all, now that I've seen both. You know you never can tell what you don't want until you've seen it. Yes, I'll take one of the white candles, and please hurry for I have to catch a train."

"I believe," said the young physician, "that had cooks supply us with half our patients." "That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."—Chicago "Daily News."



IN DOUBT.

Rev. J. A. Macdonald—Which am I, anyway, preacher or politician? "The Globe"—And I should like to know if I'm the "Presbyterian" or the Liberal party organ.

## Church Music in Toronto.

TRINITY METHODIST.

AMONG the young churches of the Methodist denomination, Trinity, in Bloor street west, has of late been attracting favorable attention for the development of its choir and musical service. On the first Sunday morning after Christmas, I heard here a very select programme of sacred song effectively rendered, although owing to the season the choir did not muster in its full strength. The music is under the direction of Mr. R. G. Kirby, choirmaster, who has for his associate at the organ Miss Edith C. Miller. The choir is exceptionally strong, having a membership of forty-eight, with a quintette of paid soloists, namely, Miss Jean Forbes, soprano; Miss Jennie E. Williams, mezzo-soprano; Miss Nora Brown, contralto; Mr. Adam Dockray, tenor, and Mr. Percy Brownell, bass. Seventeen sopranos, eleven altos, eight tenors and twelve basses constitute the sections. The interests of the choir are looked after by a committee in conjunction with the choirmaster, with Messrs. George H. D. Lee president, Frank McMahon vice-president, Walter Proctor secretary, H. C. Cox treasurer, and Norman Price and John Chalkley librarians. These gentlemen are said to be enthusiastic in their support of the choirmaster in his policy of making the services of praise as musically perfect as the circumstances of the church will allow.

The first selection on this particular morning, Sir Joseph Barnby's anthem, "Blessed be the Lord God," gave one a very good idea of the quality of the choir. The basses were specially good, singing with assurance and with a fine sonorous volume of tone. The sopranos, owing to the smaller attendance than usual, did not show to such advantage and appeared to be slightly hesitant in attack. Their voices were, however, grateful for sweet musical quality, and they sang with evident care and with good intonation. The second anthem was Hawley's "Listen to the Wondrous Story," for women's voices, mixed chorus and soprano solo. The setting had a beautiful and well contrasted effect. The women's voices in alternation sounded delicate and refined and the treatment of the composer is altogether happy. Miss Jean Forbes, the soloist, who has a voice of bright, clear timbre and good carrying power, sang with a devotional feeling that was not strained, but gave the idea of being the prompting of spontaneous impulse. Anthems were quite a feature of this service, for there followed a third, Ernest Newton's "The First Christmas Morn," in which the resources of the full choir were employed most effectively at the finale. Gounod's familiar bass solo, "Nazareth," was sung after the sermon by Mr. Percy Brownell, in which somewhat exacting number his round, rich-toned voice showed to advantage. As a substitute for the orchestral accompaniment the organ did fairly well. The best form in which I have heard this number was for orchestra, solo voice and chorus, which, if I remember right, was the original setting. The organ selections included Coleridge's "Melody in D," and the first movement from Guilman's sonata in D minor. Miss Miller played these selections, and also the accompaniments, with judgment and with good technical ability. It may be of interest to state that Miss Miller studied under Mr. A. S. Vogt and won the gold medal in the organ department of the Conservatory of Music in 1897, and previous to taking her present position was organist at Parliament Street Methodist Church. I was unfortunately unable to be present at the evening service, when the selections were more varied and extensive. I might mention, however, that they included Spence's anthem, "The Hush of Night," with solos by Miss M. Archibald, soprano, and Mr. H. C. Cox, baritone; Salter's "O Little Town of Bethlehem," with solo by Miss Jennie Williams; Chadwick's anthem, "Come Hither, Ye Faithful," solo by Miss Urquhart, contralto; Moyer's solo, "He Will Forgive," by Mr. Kirby himself, who, as everybody knows, has a fine voice; Hawley's anthem, "Listen to the Wondrous Story," W. A. Willis' solo, "The Angel's Message," by Miss Nora Brown; Sullivan's anthem, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," with soprano obligato by Mrs. Gray; Stephen Adams' "The Star of Bethlehem," tenor solo by Mr. Adam Dockray, the popular concert singer; Max Specker's festive chorus, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," with solos by the Misses Williams and Brown and Messrs. Dockray and Brownell. I have quoted these numbers as being of special interest to choirmasters and congregations, as showing the character and extent of the work undertaken by this choir.

Although Trinity Methodist Church was built only twelve years ago, its musical service is already taking rank with that of many older established churches that make a specialty of their music. The first musical director was Mr. W. J. McNally, who was both organist and choirmaster, who was succeeded by Mr. W. H. Shaw as choirmaster and Mrs. G. A. Powell as organist. Mrs. Powell continued to act as organist with four successive choirmasters—Messrs. Shaw, Andrew Tilley, Johnston and J. M. Sherlock. Both Mr. Sherlock and Mrs. Powell resigned in 1897 and Mr. R. G. Kirby, the present choirmaster, was then appointed to take full charge of the music. Mr. Kirby is an Englishman. He is an enthusiast in church music and choir work, and has taken part in choir singing since he was ten years old. Coming to Canada in 1888 he was appointed baritone soloist with Mr. T. C. Jeffers at Central Methodist Church, with whom he studied and sang for eight years. Previous to going to Trinity Church Mr. Kirby was for two years choirmaster of Euclid Avenue Methodist Church. Mr. Kirby's experience as a solo singer is of course of great advantage to him, both in the practical direction of his choir and in the selection of music that is vocally acceptable and practicable.

The organ is a three-manual instrument, which was constructed at a cost of \$5,200 and placed in the church at its opening. It is a good instrument for church purposes, and with the addition of two or three stops and the modern electric appliances would compare very favorably with many organs of more pretensions in the city. For convenience sake the console should be brought down in front of the choir. The scheme of the organ is adequate for all requirements, except on special occasions on which comprehensive solo work is in question.

I have mentioned the excellent showing made by the male sections of the choir, and their vigorous and robust singing, full of life and contrast. It is only just to repeat that I did not hear the women's section to the best advantage. With a fuller representation I have no doubt, judging from what I have been told, that the sopranos and altos would give an equally good account of themselves. The choir is numerically exceptionally strong, and with their paid quintette and their voluntary solo singers they have the advantage of what practically amounts to a double quartette of solo singers. The choirmaster has thus the means at his disposal to command a wide range of church compositions, besides having a stable foundation for his choir. The spirit which animates the choir, its director and its committee, is of a nature that leads one to expect a more rapid advancement in the next few years than has been noted even during the past five years.

CHERUBINO.

### Parental Solicitude.

Algernon Jones ate Paris green.  
And died all over the carpet clean.  
The loss of the rug piqued Algernon's father.  
Who remarked, "He always was a bother."

Frm'trude Hopkins broke her spine.  
And passed away at half-past nine.  
Her mother was sorry, and said, "What a pity!  
I'm already late for my train to the city."  
—Harvard Lampoon.



## Guatemala and The Monroe Doctrine.

THOSE who believe that divine wrath is poured out upon communities entirely disregarding moral and civil laws, have had an opportunity of showing that the destruction of St. Pierre was of a mosaic sort, inflicted upon a people careless of veracity and blandly ignoring the marriage rite.

The destruction of a large district in Guatemala, comprising the richest and largest of the coffee fincas, by the eruption of Santa Maria, proves quite the contrary, for the country and the people destroyed were the very best of that troubled and troublesome Central American republic. Word from the Pacific coast tells us of the concealment of the terrible disasters in and about Quezaltenango. The President of Guatemala, for purposes of his own, appears to have absolutely forbidden any information to be given out, though it is months since the disaster took place. When Santa Maria was first in eruption the country was facing bankruptcy, with exchange at nine to one and steadily rising; that is, nine of their paper dollars were worth only one dollar in gold. Even the foreign embassies appear to have been levied upon to help along an absurd little exhibition of no good to the country and affording nothing but an opportunity for the President and his Ministers to steal.



Ex-President Barrios ("Little Tiger").

It is reported that the British Embassy itself was compelled to put up a four thousand dollar shack to make the bum show look like something, and if rumor speaks correctly, the United States has paid off the debt, which has prevented British gunboats from collecting. A San Francisco paper, commenting on this condition of affairs, says:

"And while the plantations of the north, the source of almost all the wealth, and the country homes of all the aristocracy of the State, were being buried under pumice and ashes, no word of the extent of damage could be had at the capital or the ports, not even in the consulates and embassies. It was to the President's interest to keep down agitation, so he refused to allow the telegraph to be used for any message connected with the subject. It was again an Aparicio who had—in the first week of November—brought to the capital the latest reliable news. He stayed on one of his own fincas until the last possible moment, after even the Indians had fled, and when he left, the country was under four feet of ashes, and his own personal loss was five millions, gold."

"It did not, of course, lie with the President, who had brought the land to bankruptcy and discredit, to avert the havoc either of the April earthquake or of the Santa Maria eruption. But, had it not been for his suppression of telegraphic messages, probably the loss of life and the suffering



Native Bride and Groom in Guatemala.

could have been largely averted. People in places of safety could have got word to and from friends, and have succored them—and the captains of our steamers in the ports, who were only too willing to take off refugees, could have communicated with the penniless people in the interior, stifling and starving in their pumice-driated homes. As it was, they were obliged to put out to open sea and safety, leaving the once tropic-green coast vaguely white in an atmosphere of thick and ominous with ashes, and the inhabitants of the city to the little mercy of the Government they have tolerated, and which had brought them to the verge of destruction, even had not earthquakes and eruptions hastened the end."

Reference is made in the above quotation to an Aparicio. Three or four years ago an article appeared in a Christmas Number of "Saturday Night" regarding the tragic death of a member of this family, which, without any exception, is the richest, highest-minded and most advanced in a republic which is not destitute of good and clever men, though the bad ones always seem to be in power. Possibly a little review of the story will make the matter more intelligible. Guatemala, taking advantage of the Monroe doctrine, does not pay its debts, but its President, who obtains office almost invariably by revolution, has power of life and death imprisonment and ruin, over his people. Going back to the first Barrios by way of an example, he saw entering a church the child who has since become the Marchioness of Vistabella, and one of the famous beauties of the world. "He was the daughter of perhaps the most prominent and



CITY OF QUEZALTENANGO, GUATEMALA.

aristocratic family of Central America—the Aparicios—and she was barely fourteen years old. Barrios was a man of more than middle age, with the record of tyranny, but he desired the child for his wife. The protesting Aparicios were given the choice between the loss of their wealth and estates and the sacrifice of their child. They chose the good of the greater number, and their daughter became the jail-laden and not unhappy wife of that general who—by contrast with his successors—is now of sainted memory and known as the "Liberator," regardless of such details in his career as, for instance, the out-of-hand shooting down, in the Plaza de Armas at Quezaltenango, of a dozen leading citizens suspected of intentions against himself.

Another Barrios—becoming President in his turn—improved upon precedent and earned the title of "Little Tiger," but ended his administration of outrage and assassination by shooting Juan Aparicio, the head of the family in Guatemala and brother of the wife of the first Barrios, for no other reason than that he was shamed by his victim's virtues and was fearful lest he might become a candidate for the Presidency—a thing than which nothing could have been further from Aparicio's mind. A German friend revenged this murder by killing the "Little Tiger" as he was returning from a visit to his mistress in the City of Guatemala, perforating his coat of mail and producing instant death, a fate which he at once met at the hands of the Barrios guards. One could hardly believe that such things were a part of the system of any Government in the New World, but what has been said throws considerable light on the revolution in Venezuela, where a man as cruel and relentless as Barrios appears to be now face to face with fate. Moreover, the present President of Guatemala has managed to keep up the traditions of terrorism with considerable success. It is not only his own people who submit to his rule with fear and trembling. The foreign-born residents—even English and American—in spite of inherited predilections for liberty, are almost equally under the baneful spell.

And all this may be blamed upon the preposterous Monroe doctrine!

## The Wait.

I met a threadbare wait below the town.  
Sad were his eyes, and from his dusty coat  
Roses no longer crimson dangled down.  
Pebbles that had been kisses decked his throat.

He held a cup, and listlessly slow  
Drank wine, as one who had no joy thereof.  
And when I asked his name, he answered low:  
"My name is Habit—once they called me Love."  
—Agnes Lee, in "Atlantic Monthly."

## The Libel of Mary Magdalene.

THE production of Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala," by Mrs. Fiske, at the Manhattan Theatre, New York city, which is to be reproduced throughout the country, gives color and form to an inveterate historical error, which never has been successfully eliminated from the popular mind and probably never will be, although Mary Magdalene is one of the Marys of the New Testament. Magdala was the city or town in which she lived. If she were a woman of to-day, conspicuous in the place of her residence, she might be designated "Mary the Albanian," or "Trojan," according to the name of the city. Obviously, there is no designation of character in such a term. And yet "a Magdalene" is the acquired name of an abandoned woman, and the derivative is supposed to have its historic origin in the name, place of residence and moral character of the primitive Christian woman out of whom seven devils (or demons) went; who stood under the cross and over against the tomb of Jesus, who saw the empty tomb of the risen Jesus, and told Peter and John what He had said unto her. The libel on her fair name is due to the misinterpretation of her malady, demon or devil possession, writes Rev. James H. Ross. Whatever it was, it was not vice. The deliverance was in accordance with the case. She was a victim of that, the cure of which was

a physical, mental and spiritual experience. She was demonized. Whatever the demonized state was, deliverance from it was curative.

The subject in the Gospels of the New Testament is characterized in the terms of materia medica, not of vice and crime. The consideration of the subject leads us into the realm of Jewish beliefs about demonology, but not into the realm covered by the history of sexual vice. The difficulty has been that the phrase "seven devils" has been taken as a Hebraism for peculiar sinfulness. If correct, Mary Magdalene would need to be considered as the incarnation of numerous vices and crimes, not merely as the embodiment of a single sin. Geikie, in his "Life and Words of Christ" (Vol. II, p. 624), says: "It is contrary to the whole tenor of the New Testament to understand the seven devils as a mere figure of speech. . . . The great body of scholars reject the idea of Mary having been a Magdalene." The correct historic method would have been to attach her name to medical institutions, to hospitals, sanitariums, and the like. But it has been given, wittingly and unwittingly, to the malodorous haunts of vice and the institutions for rescue and reform. History, art, the drama, the haunts of evil, and the agencies of philanthropy alike, have libeled the character of Mary Magdalene and there is little or no hope that this great historic injustice will be corrected. The twentieth century and the metropolis of this country, and great popular audiences persist in perpetuating an accusation which if Mary Magdalene were living would give her right of action in the courts, the verdict of a judge or jury, and heavy damages. The utmost that could be claimed in defence would be circumstantial evidence.

In the case in mind, it is the author who is primarily to blame. The actress accepts what is given to her and uses it. Fiction is conceded a liberty amounting to license, yet it is to be remembered that in our own country and time the authors who have used the names of living persons in works of fiction have been legally and successfully prosecuted. The period beyond which some cases are outlawed is short, very short. Nevertheless, there will never be a time when it will not be becoming to restore to Mary Magdalene her good name, and to appeal to authors and actors to have some regard for their own reputation as scholars.

## The Brigands of Sicily.

NO reader of the newspapers can have forgotten the singular record of Mussolini, the celebrated Italian brigand who not only held up travellers, but announced, and to a considerable extent effected, his plan to kill everybody who engaged in his capture or in any effort to that end. Capital punishment has been abolished in Italy, and this extraordinary person is now living on the exceedingly limited diet of an Italian prison. He has been succeeded by Varsalona, who appears to have confined his operations almost entirely to Sicily, than which there is no better country for a brigand. Not only the Italian army, but two ships from the navy, are participating in the chase for this wild animal who has been evolved from the ancient civilization of complete clerical control and absolute management of the schools. Coming in from Alexandria, Egypt, to Messina a couple of years ago, I saw ten or a dozen of these Sicilian brigands loaded on to the vessel—it was certainly a process of loading, because they were weighted down with irons, and what was worse, had the most villainous faces and most degenerate bodies I ever saw in conjunction. There was nothing of the brave, handsome and chivalric brigand about any of them. The head of the outfit was probably fifty or sixty years old, while the youngest member could not have been more than fifteen. They were going to Northern Italy for trial, a change of venue which meant a very large expense to Italy, and which I was glad to learn afterwards resulted in justice being done. It is impossible for justice to be done to brigands in Sicily, because the majority of the people are in league with them, and it is said that already in the Mussolini affair six hundred persons are awaiting trial for aiding him. Certain it cannot be a pleasant country to live in, where brigandage is so popular, and yet it is only an absolutely lawless, ignorant

and brutal manifestation of the brigandage of business, of politics and of the large affairs in which we all assist more or less owing to the private profits which accrue. It is to be hoped that in Canada and the United States, and the world over, the same vigorous campaign against commercial and political banditti will be pursued which is characterizing the policy of the Government of Italy against these men who simply hold up men and women in the mountains, to rob them, and demand ransom. DON.

## Fighting Farmers.

IN the recently published "Memoirs of Ralph Vansittart," by Mr. E. R. Cameron, Registrar of the Supreme Court, there occurs an interesting passage descriptive of the raw levies of Ontario farmers who stood ready to take the field when the "Trent" affair excitement was at its height, and who would doubtless have proved as tough a proposition for the Yankees as the Boers did for the British. This is the passage referred to:

"To-day the new company of volunteers from the sedentary militia was mustered in at Glamis with great enthusiasm. The difficulty was in selecting out of the one hundred and fifty that offered the seventy-five which the militia order alone had called out. Those left behind could only be satisfied by the promise of being taken on the roll at the first opportunity, and the announcement by the Colonel that in all probability the entire battalion would be mustered, in ten days, for active service. The appearance of the new recruits would not give much satisfaction to a regular army officer, but the rough material was there out of which sturdy troops can be made, fit for any work. Most of the men arrived in twos and threes, but the Bayham 'lamb' came, thirty strong, on horseback, and were the center of attraction. Most were in rough homespun grey, but others were clothed in the old-fashioned clothes brought by their ancestors from the Mother Land, and all had their coats strapped in at the waist with belts of basswood bark, and had sprigs of green balsam in their hats."

"Colonel Axford was supreme. Dressed in the old uniform he wore in 1837, consisting of a long-tailed blue coat, with brass buttons, and gilt-cord shoulder straps, a pair of white duck trousers tucked into his high cavalry boots; while a shako and a pair of spurs completed his attire. For trappings his big sorrel horse 'Bob' had a large horse-cloth of the American cavalry pattern, as also was the high pommel saddle and Mexican stirrups, both of which he had bought from an American horse dealer. His appearance was to me anything but dignified, but to his troops he was the personification of military dignity and glory. His popularity was not diminished by the production of two kegs of whiskey, which, so long as they lasted, were free to all. After the rolls had been completed and the men sworn in, they were drawn up, and an effort made to dress them in line, and here the democratic relationship between officers and men was at once exemplified. It was 'Bob, won't you move up to Tom?' 'Jim, please step forward,' or 'Now, men, why don't you hold on and let the others come up?' And when finally the order to march was given, and the line was halted, after an attempt to wheel with the left as a pivot, the whole formation was found as zigzag as a snake fence."

"The arms which the men had brought were of all sorts and conditions. Some had Queen Bess muskets, with flint locks; others shot-guns, a few rifles, while others, not to be entirely defenceless, had strapped scythe blades on pitchfork handles and considered themselves as well equipped as the regular lancers."

## An Optimistic Observer.

IN machinery Ruskin saw only unloveliness. Much may be said in defence of his point of view, but something also may be conceded to the point of view of the plain person who believes that the world is pretty well ordered, after all. Such a plain person is Joshua Jimson, whose large, if not very closely reasoned, views were recently set forth in the columns of the Chicago "Record-Herald."

"I used to tremble," said Mr. Jimson, "every time I heard of another invention. First there was the mowing machine. Think I, 'Good-bye to the poor boys that have been making a living working on the farms.' But I can't see 's it ever made any difference so far as needing help is concerned."

"Then we got the reapers and binders and these thrashing machines that do the whole thing at once. Well, when they began to come along I say:

"This is the end of it for the farm-hand. He may as well go away somewhere and lie down and die. There isn't any use for him any more.' But farm hands seem about as scarce as ever, and maybe a little more so. So I've just made up my mind that I am not going to worry any more about it. Let the inventors keep on inventing all they please. I guess there'll be sunthring for the rest of us to do, no matter how many patent rights they keep getting out."

"Look at those automobile! When they first got to racing round, Judd Hawkins says to me, 'Josh,' says he, 'I guess this is going to end it.'"

"How so?" says I.

"When they get to running wagons without horses they won't need hay or oats," says he, "and those are the things where the farmer makes most of his money, because they're the easiest to raise."

"Don't you worry," says I. "You just wait and see what happens."

"And now look at it!" continued Mr. Jimson. "Here they've got so many automobiles and electric things kiting round you wouldn't hardly think the horses could keep from feeling lonesome, specially in the cities, but oats are higher 'n I ever heard of 'em being before."

"You can't make me believe that God Almighty is going to let a few inventors down here upset His whole calculations, and leave a lot of stuff lying round useless to spoil, so I'm not going to worry about it again."

## Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man, that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Bushby.

"Arabella was always techy," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible risky combination of qualities."

"They kept having hitches all along, but come Christmas time, Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice," she said. "You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper, looking at him real coy."

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea; 'twas because he's generous, and not literal. He sent her a five-pound box over, loaded critter, and she up and broke the engagement; and his little sister ate the candy—and enjoyed it, by what I hear."

## Our New Story.

"Innocence Island," by the well-known English novelist, Frederick Whishaw, is to be found on page 4 of this issue. It is a tip-top yarn, and can be recommended to all readers of "Saturday Night."

Tenant—I came to inform you, sir, that my cellar is full of water. Landlord—Well, what of it? You surely did not expect a cellar full of champagne for \$10 a month, did you? —Baltimore "American."



Juan Aparicio, his wife Dolores (in mantilla), children and friends.



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

## North German Lloyd

Regular express sailings to Naples and Genoa via Gibraltar. Nearly all outside rooms. Splendidly ventilated.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND  
72 Yonge St., Toronto

**AMERICAN LINE**  
New York—Southampton—London  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
Philadelphia... Dec. 31 Philadelphia... Jan. 21  
St. Paul... Jan. 7 Philadelphia... Jan. 28

**RED STAR LINE**  
New York—Antwerp—Paris  
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a.m.  
Kronland... Dec. 27 Finland... Jan. 10  
Zealand... Jan. 3 Vardaland... Jan. 17  
Piers 14 and 15, N. E. Office—73 Broadway, N.Y.  
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

**BERMUDA JAMAICA WEST INDIES**  
FLORIDA  
Send post-card for sailings and rates just issued.  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
72 Yonge St., Toronto

**ITALIAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.**  
New York and Mediterranean Ports.  
Splendid new steamships fitted with the very latest improvements. Weekly sailings.  
R. H. NEVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

The Sign on the Window  
at 69 1-2 Yonge street, one door south of King (east side), reads "New York Central-West Shore Passenger Department," the Canadian agency of the Great Four-Track Railroad.

## Anecdotal.

When somebody once misinterpreted Thomas R. Reid's refusal to take a glass of whisky as an endeavor to reform a bad habit, he remarked: "I hope you don't think that I ever needed two side-walks on my way home."

A writer in the New York "Times" says that when Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much. It isn't that," said Mark; "I'm moving again."

In a recent lecture to his people, Booker T. Washington told them that there is little or nothing to be obtained without work, adding: "There was an old negro, professionally pious, who wanted a luxurious Christmas dinner, and who, after night, prayed to the Lord to send him a turkey. The days passed, Christmas approached, and the old fellow undertook to compromise by asking the Lord to send him a turkey. He got one that very night."

A few years ago a British officer married a fortune, and soon after discovered that he had heart disease, and went on the retired list. His little son is a very precocious youngster, and when asked the other day, by a stranger, "Jack, what are you going to be when you grow up?" he replied, with grave deliberation: "Well, I've been thinking of that for some time, and I think that when I'm a man I'll get heart disease, and go on the retired list just like papa."

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travelers by pretending to take them for noblemen occasionally meets one who fails to fall into his trap. An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris Opera House by an "ouvreuse" or usher, who bowed low and said: "The door is open, please!" The Englishman glanced affably at him, and, without extending the expected fee, simply said: "Thank you very much, viscount."

Once, when the press in the Carson City "Appeal" had just started to run, the late John Mackay rushed in to the editorial sanctum and called to Sam Davis in an excited tone of voice: "Sam, stop the press! Stop the press!" "What's the matter, John?" Davis asked, in alarm. "Why, old man Crooks" (famous for his stingingness—"old man Crooks" has just presented a peck of apples to the orphan's home, and he'll be broken-hearted if you don't have a column and a half about it in the paper this afternoon.")

Talking about "graft" and "grafter," the other day, "Big Bill" Devery remarked: "Say, the people as talk about graft are the gingerbrads. If you had the right scent you could go off on a long way from the Bowery. Some of the ablest grafters are in that high-toned class who do mention their names with graft would be as bad as lightning" a cigar in church Sunday morning. Say, did you hear about the deaf and dumb man that got his hands dirty tellin' smutty stories?"

Some weeks ago several friends of

## TYRRELL'S

Dance Programmes  
AND  
Society Invitations

We make a specialty of all classes of Programmes and Invitations, Visiting Cards, etc., gotten up in the most artistic and modern style known to the printer or engraver's art.  
—Prices moderate.  
—Satisfaction guaranteed.

**WM. TYRRELL & CO.**  
8 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

United States Senator Blackburn found him absorbed in the act of reading the President's message. As he read he chuckled to himself, and finally their curiosity became so aroused that one of them approached the senator from Kentucky, and asked for the joke. "It has just occurred to me," solemnly observed the senator, "that Mr. Roosevelt's English does not compare with the pyrotechnic scintillations of obsolescent linguistics which so extensively illuminated the incubations and ululations of President Cleveland."

An Irish priest discoursing one Sunday on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, said in error that five people had been fed with 5,000 loaves and two small fishes. It having come to the priest's knowledge that his mistake had given rise to a large amount of controversy (one, Murphy, particularly declared he could do such a miracle himself), he (the priest) decided to rectify the mistake. Next Sunday, on concluding his sermon, he said: "I should have told you last Sunday that 5,000 people had been fed with five loaves and two small fishes." Looking down and espying Mr. Murphy, he said: "You could not do that, Mr. Murphy, could you?" "Ah, sure, yer reverence, I could easily," he replied. "How would you do it, Mr. Murphy?" "Why I'd give 'em what was left over from last Sunday," answered Murphy.

The late Colonel Thomas Ochiltree once upset Lord Lonsdale, when that noted Englishman was entertained in New York on his way home from an expedition to Alaska. His lordship was regarded by some of his admirers as a "mild" explorer, and a dinner was given in his honor by Hermann Oelrichs. In the course of the evening Lord Lonsdale told many thrilling stories, and an audible "Oh!" went around the table when he finished telling of a petrified forest in Africa, in which he found a number of petrified lions and elephants. As the Englishman lapsed into silence and the applause sank to an echo, all looked to Colonel Ochiltree to defend his nationality and beat this petrified lion story. "Texas," said the colonel, after a pause, "has its petrified forest, but, although they contain no petrified lions, they are remarkable for having petrified birds flying over them." "Nonsense," said Lord Lonsdale; "that is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation." "Ah, that's easily explained," responded Colonel Ochiltree, quickly: "the laws of gravitation down there are petrified, too."

## An Object Lesson

## In A Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: "Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages range from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?"

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something. If you will notice what these hearty fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bean crackers nor gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new-fangled health foods; on the contrary, they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food, and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bean crackers. There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly-looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories. The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels and, in fact, are not strictly a medicine, as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly, and thus gives a much needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal. Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time, and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating, as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.

## Not the One.

A policeman picked up a lost boy in the street the other day, and after much coaxing the little lad remembered that he lived in a thoroughfare about a mile away. The constable took him to the number given, and as the door-bell was answered he said to the woman:

"I've brought your lost child home." "I haven't lost any child," she answered. "Isn't this your boy?" "No." "But he said he lived here." "Well, he doesn't. I never saw him before."

"Are you sure I have been to some trouble to bring him up here?" "Look here, sir!" she exclaimed, as she made a motion as if to spit on her hands, "don't you suppose I know my own kids?"

"Why, yes, you ought to, but I've walked a mile to restore him to you, and—well, never mind. If you should change your mind and conclude he belongs to you, please send along to the station."—"Pick-Me-Up."

Lever's V-Z (Vine Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects. 16



## An Election Episode.

THE snow was falling in great white discs upon the bare roadways, cresting the fences and trimming the stark limbs of the naked trees. It fell with a gentleness and cosiness that had rather the suggestion of warmth, of feather down, than of melting frost. It wrapped the bleak country with soft careful touch, almost lulling every rough place into the semblance of restful roundness. You have seen, in the country, such a generous, dignified, beautiful snowfall. Little old Miss Mary stood on the step of her little old cottage, with never a wrap or muffler on her soft, wavy hair, over which hovered several great downy patches of snow, marvelously shaped and formed—looking for the prettiest curl to nestle on. Sleigh-bells came gaily rattling down the road, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance. Miss Mary turned and disappeared swiftly, closing the door very gently and shooting the bolt, leaving only the evidence of two small footprints on her threshold to confess her occupancy. She did not think of the footprints, though she was usually so quick and clever. An alert little man hopped from the cutter, tied the horse and waded up the snow-clogged narrow path to the door, where, seeing the footprints, he was startled. He came to the door, and a smart horse and cutter loomed up in the distance.



## Female Gymnasts Past and Present.

"ONE WHO REMEMBERS" writes in an English exchange concerning the old and new school of feminine gymnastics.

"Now that the gymnasium season is opening, and the short petticoats and white shoes are 'flying free' under hundreds of high-pitched roofs, one feels inevitably compelled to draw comparisons between the old and the modern type of ladies' class. How well I remember, in the earlier eighties, as a small, subdued schoolgirl, standing at the very end of a big garret to form the first ladies' gymnastic class ever heard of in that part of the country.

"Everyone in the town thought the innovation masculine and daring; as for us, we were unspeakably proud, and at the same time unspeakably nervous and uncertain. We all wore long heavy dress skirts save myself, and I was only excepted on account of youth. Each of us had a jersey on and no stays, and each wore an uneasy, foolish grin. The bluff old sergeant who was teaching us was obviously ill at ease, and upset both himself and us altogether at the start by telling us to 'keep our heads erect, chest thrown out, little fingers on a line with the shoulders of the arms—I mean, ladies—I mean—march!'

"The 'gymnastics,' apart from the drill, proved to be simply a weight-lifting exercise on the part of the sergeant, who painfully heaved fifteen solid young women over the side of the parallel bars, one after another, and then lifted them up to 'chin' the horizontal bar. He seemed warm and exhausted when the class was over (I met him twenty minutes after, coming out of the bar of the next door inn with a red countenance and a shining eye). We were quite cool, if a little out of breath.

"Nowadays, when a class is to be held, the smart squad of girls, in brief tunics and long black stockings, marches in to the sound of music. Faced by an instructor who has (literally) handled so many seasons' crops of lady gymnasts that he sees no more personality in any special lot than in so many sacks of potatoes, they go through elaborate dumb-bell, bar-bell and club drill. Then follows a period of 'apparatus work'—the flying rings, the horizontal bar, the sloping ladder, the vaulting horse, the high and long jumps, and all kinds of feats on the parallel bars. The instructor is altogether and entirely at home with his class. He has small reverence for lovely woman, though he takes a keen professional interest in her progress under his hands, and, as often as not, he delivers himself of opinions that are more forcible than polite.

"Number Eight, will you oblige me by breathin' from your chest, instid of from your stomach? You needn't look 'frighted, miss, it's me as cause to be 'orrid at seein' such a thing, rather than you at 'earin' of it. Number Twelve, I've got a story to tell you while the class is standin' easy. I was walkin' down Bond street yesterday mornin', and I saw you walkin', miss, and this is 'ow you walked.' (Pantomimic exhibition, excellently done, for the benefit of the class.) 'Now you ladies needn't be laughin', for it's quite a serious matter for me to see one of my class discreditin' my teachin' in that way. I don't want you to walk like this' (exhibition of pronounced military stride), 'because that 'yint ladylike, but I do want to see any of my young ladies, when I meet them, doin' me credit by walkin' so' (further exhibition), 'as if they 'ad got calves to their legs, and wasn't like the Queen of Spain, afraid anyone should know they carried anything of the sort about them—'Shun!'

## The Golden Age.

"I think you must sometimes envy the lot of those happy people who lived at a time when it was within the capacity of any single individual to master without any undue effort the whole compass of human learning and of human wisdom."—Mr. A. J. Balfour.

O for the days of long ago,  
Of blessed old B. C.,  
When it was easy to know  
The omme scilicet,  
When all in everything excelled,  
Nor specialized at college,  
And one small cerebrum held  
The sum of human knowledge.

There were no libraries as yet  
Of huge ungainly size  
For students emulous to get  
The wisdom of the wise;  
You did not gaze on rows and rows,  
Of volumes, half-demented,  
For poetry was rare, and prose  
Had hardly been invented.

Philosophy was simple: men  
Had not begun to rant  
About their apperception then  
And transcendental cant.  
They knew what souls were made of, too,  
For in those days so distant  
No metaphysics worried you,  
For they were non-existent.

Then language was a problem small  
In golden long ago;  
You talked in Greek, and that was all  
There really was to know.  
Linguistic incapacity  
Itself could then deter none  
From learning modern tongues, you see,  
Because, of course, there were none.

As for geography, a chap  
Had only got to see  
Anaximander's little map,  
And none knew more than he.  
You knew what history there was,  
And law and medicine. Many  
Knew all the sciences, because,  
You see, they hadn't any. —Punch.

## The Daily Sedative.

A "YANKKEE" project is afoot for establishing a daily paper for nervous readers, in which catastrophes will be narrated in the most soothing terms, and all calamities studiously discounted. "Punch" submits a few paragraphs written in specially prepared anodyne ink for this enterprising periodical:

"Another eruption is reported from Vesuvius. The lava is said to have wandered down the mountain side in streams of exquisite tints, ranging over the whole gamut of color. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than this sight as the glowing merged into night. Indeed, it is considered that ten thousand persons never before have died under such charmingly prismatic conditions."

"Eyewitnesses of the recent delightful railway accident in Spain relate that the massed wreckage of the train presented a most fascinating spectacle, to which only a Meryon or Whistler could do justice. The cries of the wounded, principally in A flat and E major, produced a most soothing harmony, and altogether the disaster may be numbered with the



Bilkins—You tell me your present circumstances are due to the education you received. How is that?  
Dusty—Well, you see, boss, I won the Rhodes scholarship.

most artistically successful of our day." "How exaggerated are the usual reports concerning the dangers of influenza may be gathered from the experiences of Dr. Methusalem Tibbles, the president of the Old Parr Khayyam Club, who has just celebrated his hundred and third birthday. This gentleman, who is in the pink of robust health, has never omitted to have a severe annual attack of influenza since the emergence of that alleged malady in 1890. It is, he holds, a blessing in disguise; it compels one to go to bed and enables one while there to clear the system of other disorders, such a testimony cannot be too widely disseminated."

"The opening of the burglary season is always welcome. We now discover how far our window fastenings and door-bolts are in satisfactory condition; whether or no our servants can be trusted; and what is the general opinion in the neighborhood as to our wealth. These things are cheaply acquired at the expense of a little silver, especially when we have the satisfaction of knowing that some poor fellows have for a while come within the refining influence of a superior home. As Coventry Patmore says, the burglar is the true angel in the house."

## Cause for Alarm.

When You Grow Weak and Your Cheeks Lose Their Color.

This Means Anæmia, and if Neglected Consumption May Follow—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Certain Cure.

Anæmia, or poor or watery blood, is a trouble from which most growing girls, and many young boys, suffer. It comes at a critical period of the young person's life, and unless promptly steps are taken to enrich the blood and thus strengthen the system, decline, and most likely consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that acts directly upon the blood and the nerves, promptly restoring the ailing one to complete health and strength. The following statement from Mrs. Lena M. Ryan of Welland, whose daughter was a victim of anæmia, gives the strongest proof of the value of these pills. Mrs. Ryan says: "About three years ago the health of my daughter, Bridie, became so bad that I was seriously alarmed. She was pale and almost bloodless; had no appetite, lost flesh and suffered from severe headaches. I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was followed for some time it did not benefit her. I then tried some other remedies, but these also failed, and she had wasted away to a mere shadow of her former self. At this stage I was advised to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she began this treatment. Almost from the outset the pills helped her, and as she continued their use, the color came back to her cheeks, her appetite improved, the headaches ceased to trouble her, and by the time she had taken eight boxes she felt stronger and better than she had ever done in her life before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed for all ailments of this kind and strongly recommend them to other mothers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure all cases like the above, but also cure all other troubles arising from poor blood or weak nerves, such as rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, scrofula, and eruptions of the skin, etc. These pills are also a direct cure for the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Give the pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. The genuine are sold only in boxes that have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not have them, send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## Absence of Mind.

"NOW be sure not to forget," said a lady, playfully shaking her finger at her husband as he rose to stretch his legs between acts; and turning to a lady friend, she explained, "He is so absent-minded."

"Does he forget to post your letters?" "Oh, no, indeed! He is so absent-minded I never entrust any to him. But he forgets me. Why, only last week he went out between acts and never returned. I went home and found him placidly smoking his cigar before the fire, quite oblivious of myself and of the theater. I was very indignant, but when I began with tears in my eyes, 'How could you go off and leave me so?' the whole occurrence seemed to dawn upon him. He sprang to his feet, declaring he had been worrying all the evening about something he had forgotten, and so overwhelmed me with loving protestations that I couldn't talk to him very seriously."

"How sad! I wonder if all men are so afflicted?" "My husband is. Why, I remember one day he arose from the dinner-table, and, feeling a slight uneasiness in his eyes, began operations upon them with his toothpick, nearly destroying his sight."

"How unfortunate!" "Yes; and one night I asked him to replenish the fuel in the grate, and in a fit of abstraction he brought in a pail of water and poured it on the fire, bringing ruin to everything."

"O-o-h, how perfectly awful!"

## The Bride's Letter.

Dear Helen, you will be surprised to get a note so soon—the first Bridal edition, unrevoked—And scribbled at my very worst.

I've put a pencil, as you see, A leaf from Harry's diary torn, And then I'm writing on my knee And feel a little bit forlorn.

We're on the train still. I'm alone; Harry is in the smoking-car. These last two hours, my time's my own; But, Helen dear, how strange men are!

Three days ago—time quickly flies, And yet it somehow seems like years—Since all the kisses and good-bys, And all the trembling hopes and fears.

Of course, he likes to smoke, but then You always used to say, you know, Women were different from men. Ah, yes, indeed! I find it so.

Most of my dreams seem disarranged; Of course, I'm happy—only life Looks altered now—the world is changed; I can't believe I'm Harry's wife.

And yet I know I am, for here (What tiny thorns one's wreath may mar!) I'm sitting quite alone, my dear, And he is in the smoking-car.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

## An Argument for Vivisection.

MIDSHIPMAN AIKEN of the United States Navy was kicked on the head in a football game last fall, and took it so ill that it was feared that he would die. The case excited great interest and anxiety, the more so because for some days it made it uncertain whether the army and navy football game would be played. Mr. Aiken's life was saved by an operation done by Dr. Keen of Philadelphia, who took out a piece of the young man's skull and removed a huge clot of blood which was pressing upon the brain. That relieved the patient, who at last accounts was fast recovering. Dr. Keen is a professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He has taken advantage of the unusual public interest in Midshipman Aiken's case to write a letter about anti-vivisection. He has addressed it to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who has repeatedly introduced into Congress bills to regulate (virtually to prohibit) experiments on live animals in the District of Columbia. At considerable length and with many interesting details Dr. Keen disclosed to Mr. Gallinger that but for knowledge slowly derived from experiments on animals he could not have located the clot on Mr. Aiken's brain, and could not have saved his life. At the spot where he opened the skull there was no exterior bruise. He was guided to it by convulsions in the patient's arm. Since 1885 surgeons had learned that those particular convulsions meant, and precisely where to look for the trouble. They could never have found it out, Dr. Keen says, except by experiments in vivisection. Senator Gallinger may retort that Midshipman Aiken would not have got hurt if he had exercised common prudence and eschewed football, but the general public will consider Dr. Keen's letter a strong document. Vivisection is on its defence everywhere, and doubtless ought to be, for it is a pretty harrowing practice. But it is so easy to argue and excite public sentiment against it that it is a public service to make a strong point in its favor when, as in Aiken's case, one can be made.

## A Great Mistake.

"Why didn't you get up and give her your seat or permit me to give her mine?" said a woman to her husband. They had just got off a car. The woman's face expressed great anxiety of mind.

"Why should we give her a seat?" the husband asked. "Just because she was so heavily dressed, I suppose," he added. "Is it possible that you did not know her?" the wife exclaimed.

"Of course not. I am not supposed to know every well-dressed woman that comes along."

"Oh, James, she is our cook; and I am afraid she will tire us out against us our lack of courtesy."

"Why didn't you tell me?" the husband exclaimed.

The woman did not reply, but, trembling violently, leaned heavily upon his arm.—"Pick-me-up."

He (pleadingly)—Why can't we be married at once? She (coolly)—Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just now. "But, my darling, he has had you such a very long time." "Sir!"

"I am going to visit the jail. There is a man I want to see there." "Is one there I know about forty whom I should like to see there."—Ex.

## CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Aliza Ann T. Up.—It is the writing of a bright, smart and somewhat original person, warm of heart, but neither ingratiating nor polished in manner. There is a good deal of energy, firm will, liking to dominate and a tendency to be loquacious. There is some talent for finance and good concentration. The hand does not suggest generous or liberal impulse, but is decidedly clever and persistent. Writer would likely win his friends against their better judgment.

Park (Lindsay).—This is a speculative, enterprising and at the same time practical person. There are many graces of heart and mind indicated. Writer loves beauty and has conservative notions, is very tenacious of opinions, full of energy and very vital. There is a strain of selfishness and pigheadedness in him or her, and not much cheerful philosophy. It is vain to hope for much of that from an August baby. The will is often firm but not always consistent. I don't quite think the temper is without flaw.

Porel.—The year of your birth makes no difference for the slight particulars I can give you in space allowed here. You are not an optimistic, cheerful soul, able and mentally is very bright, and there is a touch of adaptability about you. Your writing is just ordinary, with a cranksy, hesitating and complaining touch about the finals. It has a few very good points. What you do, you like to do well. You have some freedom and independence of thought and an orderly and observant method. I've seen much worse February babies, I can assure you. There is a good deal of feeling in your lines, too. It is hard, sometimes, for people to understand the double signs of which February has some, and the element of the air, is hard to bind and control. We Irish, you say, "are always being misunderstood." Well, Eddy, love, 'tis often maybe our own fault.

Burrie Nora.—As I've received no nom de plume, nor any assurance that you read this column, and as you've not asked any question, I shall put you in the W.P.B. Tacta, Nora!

A.B.C.—Same to you and many of them, my friend. It is not a thoroughly formed study, I fear, but it has ambition, good temper, snap and a certain bright vitality about it. Though frank and offhand, you have spasms of caution, and you declare are so obnoxious to you—fit so, why dilate upon them?—and as the individuals you so scathingly criticize are personal friends of mine you cannot expect me to agree with you. Your writing tells me many things—your birth month more—and after calmly summing up the conditions, I assure you that your life work is cut out for you at home. If you only realized how unfit you are to criticize!

Rocket R.—By all means let me hear from you again later. At present you are not even possible. It is a writing out of all promise, for it has candor and caution, practical, generous and hopeful lines.

Grechen.—I am surprised at your letter, and I tell you candidly that you made a sad mistake in writing to me as you did. I neither have time nor inclination to busy myself with the details of your brain and the kind of work you do, why dilate upon them?—and as the individuals you so scathingly criticize are personal friends of mine you cannot expect me to agree with you. Your writing tells me many things—your birth month more—and after calmly summing up the conditions, I assure you that your life work is cut out for you at home. If you only realized how unfit you are to criticize!

Any Lynn.—You are bright mentally and strong also; rather analytical, but very just; your temperament is not buoyant, you are single in your aims, generally by discreet and careful, apt to idealize, and capable of sympathy and kindness. I don't think you'd easily adapt yourself to new conditions. I like your firm, dominant, increasing purpose and a certain half-formed ambition. Your facility in and clearness of expression are noticeable, and you are as modest in asserting yourself as need be.

Vetty.—Your gentle sentences, "Have you not got worn out yet? I am sure your brain must be well taxed," seemed to rouse some unladylike desire in my mind to chuck you into the W.P.B. quality. You'll be very busy looking after your own, my lass. Your writing shows some sentimental leanings and a good deal of caution, but I think you are o's and a's sometimes gape open in a most reckless disregard of discretion. With all this, you don't really trust people, but must easily suspect them of being disloyal. You think consecutively and have admirable persistence in following your purpose. The fact is, I notice most in you are likely to be almost cured by time alone, for they are largely due to lack of savoir faire. I see a decided self-will and a distinct, but coerced, it is not a strong, but may

## Regulate Your System.

You can protect yourself against chronic constipation, biliousness, typhoid fever, grippe, and all kindred complaints by using

# Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It will keep the various organs of the body working smoothly and will drive out the poison that causes disease.

It is the most wonderful regulator of health, the greatest preventative of disease and the best tonic and laxative known. Sold by all druggists.

## It Stands for Quality

# "CANADA"

Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet is the public safeguard against irresponsible substitutes that are often pushed by your grocer for the sake of the increased profit gained on their sale.

Sealed Lead Packets Only. Never Sold in Bulk Form. 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c, per lb.

## BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS

is cured and the weak parts healed by

# Orbridge's Lung Tonic

—In successful use for over 28 years.—

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, HULL, ENGLAND.

At all druggists, price 35 cents and 75 cents.

"Your Lung Tonic has done wonders for me in stopping my cough and bleeding from the lungs. It certainly is a wonderful medicine."

Ada Fletcher, Lawson Street, Darlington.

turn out an able hand. The general trend is toward pessimism.

Charly.—Do I like Ottawa? Well, indeed I do—but then, you see, I could never stay there long enough to dislike it. My visits are brief and busy and generally full of fun and interest. Last time I had had luck—had all my spontaneous half an hour after I reached your burg. It cooled off my love for it a little, and annoys me to think about yet. Your wish came true, my lady. "All the happiness of the glad season" didn't focus on me, of course, but I secured a reasonable amount. 2. Your writing shows refined feeling, tendency to sentiment, some tenacity, and a decidedly pessimistic tendency. Please try to cut off those hangers to your finals. They mean such depressing things! You are nice, but not nearly so nice as you might be if you could be a merrier soul. I don't think your birthday zodiacal sign has anything to do with those stormy events. It merely assigns you your own natural traits. The other stellar influences, which ruled at the time of your birth have each their separate power in determining, or rather forecasting, your events. I am so glad you missed me that holiday time. Don't worry. 'Twill be long ere I get another! I should like to hear from you again. You are an air person and belong to a very fine month. Its zodiacal sign is Aquarius, and its development may be on very fine lines indeed.

"villiam"—I. Dear, dear, dear, but I was glad to hear from you and to know that you knew all by heart my dear little Manxland. I love that small spot! And no you know grim old Peel Castle and St. Germain's and bonny trim little Port Erin, and the top of Snafell, and the funny little narrow-gauge railroad, and the fishers and the trippers? There's a wee bit of an old lady in Douglas that's kin to me, and there's a bonny Canadian man married there, with whom I have had some happy visits, too. H. Kelly, Kippers and Mackerel! Yes, and indeed so! 2. Your writing shows concentration, observation, discretion, inspiration, culture, and reasonable care for detail. It is self-reliant, a little proud, and has a hoary kindly impulses. You really do (though perhaps you say you don't) value material things, and you have generally a good eye to the main chance. It is a truth, if not a successful hand, and capable of much devotion, both to ideas and friends. If really a Taurus baby, I congratulate you—you have grown and learned much.

## The Tramp Reasons.

Owner of Property (sternly, to tramp reeling on a mossy bank)—Don't you see that notice—"Trespassers will be prosecuted?"

Tramp (calmly)—No, I don't see it, for I can't read.

Owner of Property—Well, you know what it is now, so go!

Tramp—Excuse me, mister, but I don't know what it is. I've only got yer bare word for it, and you're a puffet stranger to me. Fer what I know to the contrary, the notice may be "New milk sold here," or "Cherries tuppence a pound," or "Welkin, weary wanderer!" Don't you lay your hands on me, mister, or I shall 'ave to see whether my stick is really good old oak, or only a sugar stick!

Janitor—You can't occupy this flat. Would-be Tenant—Why not? We have only nine dogs. Janitor—Oh, all right. I thought you had children.—"Life."

"John," said the retired lawyer to his coachman, "aren't the horses trying to run away?" "They be, sir!" "Then drive into something cheap."—"Electrical Review."

"Hallwood's wife has such a sour disposition." "Yes, and he used to say she was the apple of his eye." "Hm! He must have meant a crabapple."—"Chicago Daily News."

He (who is just writing out cheque for dressmaker's bill)—These décolleté dresses are disgraceful; they only reveal the depravity of the human heart. She (coming, now, you never saw me cut so low as all that).

"I don't think that women have always been vain; you know women were made before mirrors."

"And they've been before them ever since."—"Baltimore Herald."

Profiting by the example of Herr Ku-





**N** New Year's night at Massey Hall three Canadian artists assisted the English entertainer, Miss Ethel Henry. They were Miss Julia MacBrien, solo pianist; Miss Ethel Martin, soprano; and Mr. Howard Blight, baritone, son of Mrs. H. M. Blight, and now a resident of New York. A musical programme of a high order was contributed by them in a manner that reflected much credit upon the quality of our native talent. Mr. Blight was not, perhaps, in such good voice as on the occasion of his recital here some months ago, but he made a most favorable impression in Dr. Elgar's "Pipes of Pan," an interesting song, although not one of the composer's best efforts. This number was recognized by an enthusiastic encore. Mr. Blight sang his selections with considerable fervor of style and with conscientious regard for the details. Miss MacBrien proved herself to be an accomplished performer on the piano, and her rendering of Rubinstein's "Barcarolle," a Russian dance by Leschetizky and the Etude by Chopin revealed versatility of style and a fluent technique. The dance, a pretty and taking piece, quite took the fancy of her audience. Miss Martin also won a gratifying triumph. She was encored several times during the evening, and more than duplicated her success on her first appearance in this city. Her voice has excellent carrying power and was heard to advantage in the large auditorium.

Coming events of musical importance are the return of Mark Hambourg, the eminent Russian pianist, to the Massey Hall on the 15th inst., and the annual concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club on the 22nd. The Male Chorus could scarcely have made a better selection of soloists than Rafael Joseffy, the poetic pianist, and Ada Crossley, the famous Australian contralto, said to be the successful rival of Clara Butt, and about whom great curiosity is being shown by local concert-goers. The programme of the club chorus will introduce several attractive novelties. The principal of these will be Heinrich Hoffmann's "Champanier," a short cantata which will receive, I am told, its first American performance on this occasion. Another new feature will be Frederick Stevenson's humorous piece, "Idylle Mongolienne," giving a Chinaman's interpretation of "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Other numbers will be a new setting of the Scotch song, "My Love's in Germany," by Van Oleguyn; the ballad, "Clover Blossoms Kiss Her Feet," John Hyatt; Brewer's setting of "Oft in the Still Night," the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," a drinking song by Henry Leslie, and "The Singer's Watchword," by Wollenhaupt.

According to London "Truth," Sousa's band while at Glasgow at the exhibition were paid £25 a week. For this sum they gave two performances a day.

A characteristic anecdote comes from Scotland by way of London. A working Scotsman called upon a teacher to ask what would be the price of a dozen pianoforte lessons. He was told that the reduced charge to him would be three guineas. "Three guineas?" the man exclaimed in tones of the utmost surprise. "Why, that is all I gave for the piano!"

A London critic grumbles over the incongruity of singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in proposing the health of Englishmen of distinction. He writes: "The use of the tune in this connection is quite indefensible. For the ditty is not even English. A Frenchman would immediately recognize it as 'Malbrouck s'En Va-t-en Guerre,' although it certainly had nothing to do with the hero of Malplaquet. Chateaubriand heard the tune, or something like it, sung by the Arabs as a folk-song, and he conjectured that it was brought to Europe by the Crusaders in the time of Godfrey de Bouillon. Beethoven used it to typify the French army in his 'Battle Symphony,' and Bonaparte was very fond of the air. The thing is a burlesque, but the text is practically a paraphrase of the story of the mother of Siser. For the soldier (who was not Marlborough, but who may have been a Crusader) is expected home from the wars by his wife, who has mounted the castle battlements on the lookout for him, when news arrives of his death."

At the Broadwood concert at the close of the year in London, Brahms' "Choral Vorspiel" were performed by Dr. Alan Gray. These pieces are eleven in number, and were found in his desk after the composer's death. Only three of them were played by Dr. Gray. These organ pieces are described as in Brahms' most placid and reflective style, and the eleventh of the series, based upon the fine old chorale "Welt! Welt! I Must Leave Thee," has a special interest, in that it is, beyond question, the last music which Brahms put to paper.

The new "International Encyclopaedia," the first three volumes of which have just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, does not seem to be very trustworthy in its musical definitions. We read, for instance, that "andante con moto" means andante "with emotion."

Under the head of "Musical Gossip in 1902," "Punch" touches on the German invasion of London:

"For the first time for many years a native singer was heard at the Popofsky concerts on Saturday. No satisfactory reason has been given by the directors for this rash act, which met with well-merited reprobation. We understand that the popular member for Marylebone, Mr. Wilhelm Rungt, has announced his intention of asking a question in the House on the subject at the earliest opportunity.

"The Musical Directory for 1903 has just been issued. It contains the names of 14,324 persons, of whom no fewer than 53 are English. Of these, however, 41 are upwards of eighty years of age.

"We understand that no fewer than 36 rehearsals have already taken place of the new Symphonic Poem which the eminent composer, Herr Camille Humper-schenck, has graciously consented to con-

duct at the concert to be held on Saturday next at the King's Hall.

"The work in question, which is entitled 'Tohu va Bohu,' is a superbly successful attempt to express in musical terms the salient features of the forty millions of years which elapsed between the cooling of the earth's crust and the birth of Khufu (alias Cheops), the great Pyramid builder. It is laid out in twenty-two movements, and alike in length, complexity of structure and sonority of orchestration, exceeds the efforts of all composers, ancient or modern. The full score occupies ten large folio volumes, each weighing close on two hundred-weight.

"To give full scenic effect to this massive and monumental manifestation of the Teutonic Zeitgeist, the King's Hall has been entirely redecorated by a firm of Berlin upholsterers, and only German will be allowed to be spoken in the intervals."

The New York "Evening Post" says that the metropolitan opera-goers will not now stand four-hour operas. "No matter by whom the opera may be, after eleven o'clock the audience begins to grow gradually smaller and by midnight half the parquet seats and nearly all the boxes are empty." This is as it should be. Any opera which takes four hours or more in the performance can be cut with advantage. It is the weakness of many of the Wagner operas that they are so long. The "Meistersinger," as originally scored, takes, I think, about four hours in the production.

The first of a series of Saturday afternoon recitals to be given by Miss Ella Walker and Mr. Frank Blachford takes place this afternoon (Saturday, January 10), in the Conservatory Music Hall. They are called "informal and popular afternoons," and from what has already been seen in the society columns of this and other papers, I have no doubt that this new and slightly out-of-the-ordinary scheme will be well patronized and appreciated. Miss Walker and Mr. Blachford are both very well known to all Torontonians, and it is needless to make any comment on their work. They will be assisted at the first recital by Mr. Francis Firth, who has returned but recently from Italy, where he sang successfully both in opera and private, and altogether a very pleasing and varied programme may be looked forward to. Attention is drawn to the announcement in another column.

In compliance with the request of the Session Board of Central Presbyterian Church, Mr. W. J. McNally was agreed to allow his resignation as organist and choirmaster, which was to take effect with the New Year, to remain in abeyance.

At a meeting last week at Brantford of the General Council of the Associated Musicians of Ontario resolutions were passed approving of the examinations in music instituted by the University of Toronto, and also recommending the curriculum in music published by the University to the teachers of the province. Mr. S. T. Church, who has acted for three years as general secretary of the association, was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his valued efforts on behalf of the society. A resolution was passed declaring in favor of securing legislation in the direction of confining the teaching of music to those who should properly qualify under a provincial standard.

In reference to the foregoing statement, I think it extremely doubtful whether the Legislature will grant legislation making it compulsory on persons desiring to teach music to pass an examination. Several attempts of the kind have, I believe, been made in England, but they met with so much opposition that they proved fruitless. Some of the most indifferent musicians in the United States and Europe have proved very successful teachers in certain branches, and on the other hand, there are not wanting examples of great virtuoso instrumental players, as well as erudite theoreticians, being very poor teachers. It would be difficult to ascertain by any method of examination the qualifications of a music teacher. There are, moreover, no exact canons governing the science of harmony or the art of composition. I do not know, of course, the nature of the test which the musicians have in their mind, but there would be strong objections to any academic examination, or, in fact, to any test which goes beyond a mere elementary knowledge of principles which

are not disputed. It is desirable, no doubt, to protect the public against the representations of quacks, but I shall be surprised if the Legislature undertakes to decide who is a quack in music. If conservative musicians had their way, they would sweep away the whole tribe of the anatomical voice culturists.

The Sherlock Concert Company, assisted by Miss Kate Archer, violinist, gave a fine entertainment in St. Andrew's, the 29th ult., the occasion being the formal opening of a new concert hall in that thriving town. The hall will comfortably seat five hundred persons, and is neatly finished in natural woods. The stage is large and the acoustic properties good. The Atwood people were enthusiastic in their reception of Mr. Sherlock and his conferees on this occasion, and the concert was spoken of by leading citizens as the best and most successful ever given in that town.

Mr. Sherlock was the recipient of a handsome Christmas box in the shape of a beautiful Morris chair, presented him by the members of his popular choir at Carlton Street Methodist Church.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is spending the latter part of the week in Pittsburgh on business in connection with the concerts to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir on the evenings of February 11 and 12 next. Whilst in Pittsburgh Mr. Vogt will rehearse with the Pittsburgh Orchestra, the accompaniments to the numbers which are to be presented at the concerts by the choir and orchestra combined. The purely orchestral numbers, which will be conducted by Mr. Herbert, will be announced upon Mr. Vogt's return. It is gratifying to learn that the enterprise of the Mendelssohn Choir in bringing to Toronto, for two concerts, the famous Pittsburgh Orchestra, is being warmly supported by the public. The officers of the Mendelssohn Choir feel that it is only by arranging for the adequate performance of standard works by a thoroughly efficient body of players that any real and permanent interest in orchestral music can be awakened in Toronto, and they propose persevering along these lines until the time seems ripe for some action in Toronto having in view the establishment of a satisfactory condition of things in the orchestral situation.

CHERUBINO.

Gowns of a Picturesque Woman.

Handsome gowns, exquisite lingerie and picturesque headgear are always admired, whether on the stage or off; and, unless a woman is lacking in that essential characteristic of femininity—appreciation of the beautiful—the costumes to be worn next week by Miss Conquest in "The Two Schools" are sure to bring forth enthusiastic encomiums on their sartorial elegance. Exquisitely graceful and clinging is a yellow panne princess gown, cut low at the neck and trimmed with old yellow lace, the elbow sleeves being of the same lace, which Miss Conquest wears in one of the scenes. With this costume goes a large hat of leghorn, lavishly trimmed with black plumes, and, to further enhance the chic effect, an accordion-plaited cape, lined with silk poppy leaves, and hood effect in cream lace, is worn. Especially effective in another scene is a white silk dotted mull gown, embellished with stole and panel of Irish point lace going down the front. A dainty little short white silk cape, trimmed with fringe and ruchings, covers the slender shoulders. On the head is a bonnet of yellow straw, trimmed with red cherries, and a large tulle cherry-colored bow is tied under the girlish chin. A very stunning costume is an accordion-plaited gray crepe de chine skirt, with a long gray lace coat, tight fitting, and trimmed with gray and white panne velvet. With this Miss Conquest wears a cream tulle and pompon of white cock feathers. Each of these gowns was designed by Miss Conquest, and all are considered masterpieces in the art of the modiste.

"She seems like a real pleasant cook," "She is. She always says good morning, even if she doesn't get down until noon,"—"Life."

**LEONORA JAMES-KENNEDY**  
Vocal Teacher and Concert Soprano  
CONCERTS, RECITALS, AT H.M.S. etc.  
For terms, address: Mr. J. M. Sherlock, 15 King Street East, Toronto. For terms for vocal instruction address: 22 Lakeview Avenue.



MISS IDA CONQUEST,  
Mr. John Drew's former leading lady, who will appear in "The Two Schools" next week.

**INCORPORATED TORONTO 1896.**  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC  
COLLEGE STREET.  
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.  
THE BEST EQUIPMENT AND FACILITIES  
AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.  
Reopened after vacation January 2nd, 1903.  
SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION  
Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutter, Principal.  
CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS FREE

**MR. RECHAB TANDY**  
TENOR  
For CONCERTS, ORATORIOS and RECITALS  
Teaching Resumed September 1st, 1902  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**W. Y. ARCHIBALD**  
BARITONE  
Pupil of Prof. A. A. North, of London, England.  
Receives pupils in all branches of Voice Culture.  
Studio—Nordheimer's.

**MASTER FRANK CLEGG**  
Canada's Boy Soprano  
SACRED, CLASSICAL  
POPULAR, HUMOROUS and  
OPERATIC  
Address—65 SPADINA AVE.

**Toronto Junction College of Music**  
MISS V. A. MACMILLAN, Directress.  
Class of 16 choral in "Common Sense Method" for beginners in music, Dec. 27th to Jan. 10th.  
Course includes full set of kindergarten games and list of pieces, covering a two years course of study.

**MISS E. H. MOCKRIDGE**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
At Toronto College of Music, Bishop's School and St. Monica's School.  
Private pupils at Studio.  
No. 10 St. Joseph Street.

**ANNA PARKER**  
SOPRANO  
For Dates, Terms, etc., apply to  
Sherlock Entertainment Bureau, or Anna Parker, Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Toronto.

**ADAM DOCKRAY**  
TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.  
Residence—79 Charles Street.

**FRANK S. WELSMAN**  
PIANIST  
CONCERTS, RECITALS.  
A limited number of advanced pupils accepted.  
32 Madison Ave., or Toronto College of Music  
Telephone N. 391.

**P. J. McAVAY**  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—146 Ossington Avenue

**MISS LOIS WINLOW**  
Pupil of Anton Hekking, Berlin, Germany.  
SOLO 'CELLIST  
Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils accepted. Studio—264 Beaton St.  
For terms and dates apply to W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

**GEORGE F. SMEDLEY**  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.  
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, College of Music.

**W. J. McNALLY**  
TEACHER OF PIANO-PLAYING  
At Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
—250 Major Street.

**DAVID ROSS**  
BARITONE  
Teacher of Advanced Singing  
Studio—Mason & Risch, 32 King West.

**MR. A. S. VOGT**  
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music  
331 Bloor Street West.

**FRANK E. BLACHFORD**  
SOLO VIOLINIST  
Concerts Recitals Ensemble  
Address—108 Carlton Street  
or Conservatory of Music.

**MISS ANNIE SNYDER**  
ELOCUTIONIST  
Has a choice repertoire of the different dialects. Her work is replete with Humor, Wit and Pathos. Send for circulars. 421 Euclid Ave., Toronto (third door above College).  
Phone Park 1053

**MRS. J. W. BRADLEY**  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
130 Beaton Street, Toronto.

**CHRYSTAL BROWN**  
CONCERT TENOR  
"It is a musical treat to hear Chrystal Brown sing."—Hoodstock Sentinel-Review.  
Address—35 Bellevue, Toronto.

**MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.**  
Dramatic and Humorous Recitals  
Teacher of Elocution and Dramatic Art.  
309 Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

**MISS SHEPPARD**  
TEACHER OF VIOLIN  
578 Jarvis St., Toronto

**PHYSICAL CULTURE.**  
**Toronto**  
School of Physical Culture and Expression  
SIMPSON HALL, 736 YONGE ST.  
LADIES' GYMNASIUM  
M. C. HALL. C. W. WREYFORD.  
Recreative and Remedial Exercises.  
FENCING  
Classes reopen January 7th.

**The Misses Sternberg**  
DANCING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE  
St. George's Hall, Elm Street  
Ladies and Gentlemen's afternoon and evening classes now forming.

**MISS CARTER**  
TEACHER OF THE PIANO  
356 Brunswick Ave.

**VOICE**  
**PIANO**  
**COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED**  
INCORPORATED 1890  
12-14 PEMBROKE STREET.  
DR. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.  
EXAMINATIONS—Feb. 13th and 14th, 1903.  
Application forms can be secured from the secretary.

**MISS MARY HEWITT SMART**  
SOPRANO  
VOICE CULTURE  
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.  
Studio—Room U  
Yonge Street Arcade.

**J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School.  
13 Dundas Road  
Rosedale.

**W. O. FORSYTH**  
Director Metropolitan School of Music  
Receives pupils at any time—professional, advanced and amateur—in piano technique, piano-playing and musical interpretation. Harmony, etc.  
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's  
15 King Street East, Toronto.

**MISS E. H. MOCKRIDGE**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
At Toronto College of Music, Bishop's School and St. Monica's School.  
Private pupils at Studio.  
No. 10 St. Joseph Street.

**ANNA PARKER**  
SOPRANO  
For Dates, Terms, etc., apply to  
Sherlock Entertainment Bureau, or Anna Parker, Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Toronto.

**ADAM DOCKRAY**  
TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.  
Residence—79 Charles Street.

**FRANK S. WELSMAN**  
PIANIST  
CONCERTS, RECITALS.  
A limited number of advanced pupils accepted.  
32 Madison Ave., or Toronto College of Music  
Telephone N. 391.

**P. J. McAVAY**  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—146 Ossington Avenue

**MISS LOIS WINLOW**  
Pupil of Anton Hekking, Berlin, Germany.  
SOLO 'CELLIST  
Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils accepted. Studio—264 Beaton St.  
For terms and dates apply to W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

**GEORGE F. SMEDLEY**  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.  
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, College of Music.

**W. J. McNALLY**  
TEACHER OF PIANO-PLAYING  
At Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
—250 Major Street.

**DAVID ROSS**  
BARITONE  
Teacher of Advanced Singing  
Studio—Mason & Risch, 32 King West.

**MR. A. S. VOGT**  
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music  
331 Bloor Street West.

**FRANK E. BLACHFORD**  
SOLO VIOLINIST  
Concerts Recitals Ensemble  
Address—108 Carlton Street  
or Conservatory of Music.

**MISS ANNIE SNYDER**  
ELOCUTIONIST  
Has a choice repertoire of the different dialects. Her work is replete with Humor, Wit and Pathos. Send for circulars. 421 Euclid Ave., Toronto (third door above College).  
Phone Park 1053

**MRS. J. W. BRADLEY**  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
130 Beaton Street, Toronto.

**CHRYSTAL BROWN**  
CONCERT TENOR  
"It is a musical treat to hear Chrystal Brown sing."—Hoodstock Sentinel-Review.  
Address—35 Bellevue, Toronto.

**MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.**  
Dramatic and Humorous Recitals  
Teacher of Elocution and Dramatic Art.  
309 Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

**MISS SHEPPARD**  
TEACHER OF VIOLIN  
578 Jarvis St., Toronto

**PHYSICAL CULTURE.**  
**Toronto**  
School of Physical Culture and Expression  
SIMPSON HALL, 736 YONGE ST.  
LADIES' GYMNASIUM  
M. C. HALL. C. W. WREYFORD.  
Recreative and Remedial Exercises.  
FENCING  
Classes reopen January 7th.

**The Misses Sternberg**  
DANCING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE  
St. George's Hall, Elm Street  
Ladies and Gentlemen's afternoon and evening classes now forming.

**MISS CARTER**  
TEACHER OF THE PIANO  
356 Brunswick Ave.

**MUSIC**  
OUR STOCK OF  
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,  
AND  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS  
is the largest and most complete in Canada  
INSPECTION INVITED  
**Whaley, Royce & Co.,**  
LIMITED,  
158 YONGE ST. TORONTO

**Cash or Credit**  
VIOLINS, CORNETS, STEWART &  
BAUER BANJOS, MANDOLINS,  
GUITARS.  
**THOS. CLAXTON**  
107 YONGE STREET

**Musical Gifts**  
What could be nicer to present to a musical friend than a score of  
The Emerald Isle  
The Tonesador  
The Country Girl  
The Silver Slipper  
The Chinese Honeymoon  
or any other popular opera.

**ASHDOWN'S**  
(Anglo-Canadian Music Pub. Assn., Limited)  
88 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

**MRS. DIGNAM**  
PRIVATE STUDIO also  
Class Studios for Drawing and Painting  
42, 43, 44, 45, 46 Union Loan Building,  
28 Toronto Street.

**R. F. GAGEN, A.R.C.A., Artist**  
Miniatures, Water-Color and Ink Portraits  
Studio—90 YONGE STREET

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
POETRY PAINTING  
Studio: 14 King Street West

**EDUCATIONAL.**  
**DANCING**  
STUDIO—249 COLLEGE STREET  
(Between Spadina and Huron.)  
**MR. M. J. SAGE, Director**

**NEW CLASSES** For Juveniles  
month of January. Early application is necessary, as the number will have to be limited.  
**EVENING CLASSES**  
For ladies and gentlemen forming. Application must be made in person.  
**PRIVATE LESSONS**  
By appointment. Hours to suit.  
Further particulars at office. Metropolitan School of Dancing, Limited. Phone Main 3745.  
789

**The Bishop Strachan School,**  
WYKHAM HALL,  
TORONTO.  
Organ department under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.  
Tuition and practice on fine two-manual pipe organ blown by water motor.  
For terms apply—Miss Aches, Lady Principal.

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND**  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
McKinnon Building, Toronto  
Room 210. Phone—Main 1201.

**RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.**  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
Transcontinental Travel  
The only All-Canadian Transcontinental Railway.

**TORONTO**  
AT 1.45 P.M. DAILY  
FOR—  
Winnipeg  
Medicine Hat  
Revelstoke  
Brandon  
Moose Jaw  
Banff Hot Springs  
Calgary  
Mission Jct  
and Vancouver

Unexcelled Dining Car Service North Bay to Fort William, Rat Portage to Lagan, Revelstoke to Sicamous, and North Bend to Agassiz. First class Sleepers Toronto to Winnipeg and the Coast.  
A. H. NOTMAN,  
Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
1 King Street East, Toronto.

**GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM**  
—TO THE—  
**WINTER RESORTS**  
—OF—  
CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, and the "CAROLINAS"

Including New Orleans and the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.  
One way and round trip Tourist Tickets are on sale daily, giving choice of routes.

**EXCELLENT SERVICE**  
Prompt connections, fast time, luxuriously appointed Parlor and Sleeping Cars.  
Meals "a la carte," served in the Dining and Cafe Cars, are not surpassed in the best hotels.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables, and Information, apply to Agents.  
TORONTO OFFICE: North-West Cor. King and Yonge Sts.  
J. W. RYDER, C.P. & Ticket Agent.  
(Phone Main 4381).  
Union Station, J. A. Teller, Ticket Agent.

All inquiries from outside of Toronto should be addressed to J. D. McVORLAD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.





Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."

"—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble of one by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

## MAKING A WILL . . .

The greater the efforts put forth by an individual to accumulate property for the benefit of his family or others the more imperative becomes the duty of making a will.

We will give you free for the asking the various forms of wills which will enable you to draw up your will without any further trouble.

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited.

Capital Subscribed, \$2,000,000.00  
Capital Paid Up, \$500,000.00  
Office and Safe Deposit Vaults, 14 King Street West, Toronto.

HON. J. R. STRATTON, President.  
T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

## INEXPENSIVE...GLASS TILES...

The most elegant and sanitary covering for walls of Kitchens and Bath-rooms known to this age. ESTIMATES FREE.

TORONTO PLATE GLASS IMPORTING CO. HILL & RUTHERFORD  
Show-rooms—135 to 143 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

## Billiard Tables

For Private Residence, Club or Cafe.

We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize with interior work. We have photographs of some very rich tables recently installed in prominent homes. Phone for an engagement with our expert. Advice cheerfully given.

Samuel May & Co.  
74 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

## Fairweather's

"EXPANSION SALE."

## Fur and Fur-Lined Wraps and Driving Cloaks

One of the most desirable modes in the season's styles is the long loose aut mobile pattern wrap or cloak in fur or cloth, fur-lined—afford greatest comfort and an evening wrap or driving garment, and it's right here amongst the highest priced goods that you'll find the reductions the greatest—just a couple of lines which index the whole line:

Fine Mohr Automobile-blended Hudson Bay Sable Collar, Lapels and Cuffs—bust 38, length 50 inches; was 200.00 \$300.00, for.....  
1 Castor Cloth & Martine, Mink Collar and Lock Fquirrel lining—38 bust, 42 inches long; was \$65.00, for..... 50.00

**Fur Hats**  
We have just 13 Ladies' Fur and Fur-trimmed Hats, worth from \$12.00 to \$25.00, at.....**ABOUT HALF-PRICE**

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.  
54-56 YONGE ST., TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. E. W. Parker is prolonging her visit to her people in Grosvenor street. Mr. Parker went home to Montreal after New Year's.

Miss Kinnear was one of this week's debutantes, and was presented at a tea given by her sister, Mrs. Alison, on Tuesday. Following the kindly usage of the season, Mrs. Alison gave a progressive in the evening for the young folks who assisted at the tea, and their friends.

Mrs. Charles Archibald of Halifax is at 74 St. George street, Iverholm.

Mrs. Walter F. Watkins (nee Atkinson) held her post-nuptial reception last Thursday at her home, 384 Manning avenue.

Two fair guests from the Royal City (Guelph), Miss Howitt and Miss Frances Lett, were much admired at the Argonaut dance, to which they came with their hostess, Miss Hedley, of St. Joseph street.

Mrs. Arthur Cunningham, who has spent the holidays with Mrs. Pipon, returned to her home in Kingston early this week. Mrs. Calvin, Mr. Calvin and Miss Callaghan of Kingston are at the Arlington.

Colonel Stimson gave a smart dinner in the Nile room at McConkey's on Tuesday evening, and about half-past eleven his guests arrived at the Argonauts' dance, giving that gay assembly a vision of charming women and smart men, for the next hour or more. Lady Kirkpatrick wore one of her handsome gowns, a black velvet-spotted crepe over white, with a front of chiffon at the hem, and rich medallions of white lace. Mrs. Osborne was in white crepe, with touches of green. Mrs. Henry Osborne wore a beautiful rose-pink gown, with elbow sleeves having deep falls of pink, and smart black and white lozenge medallions as trimmings. Mrs. Barwick wore cream Irish lace over white satin. Mrs. Sanford of New York, in whose honor the dinner was given, was in black, with some of her stunning jewels. She looked, as always, fresh and radiant and sweet, as if time had forgotten to do aught but touch her graying crown of hair. Miss Seymour wore white crepe, with a pretty white embroidered design on the bodice. With this charming group came Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Colonel Field, Mr. Gron of Denmark, Mr. Osborne and Mr. H. Osborne.

Mrs. D. Mann gave a couple of small teas on Saturday and Monday afternoons.

## RAINY DAY CLOTHES.

"Cravenette" Cravenette has superseded all other material for rain-proof garments and general out of door wearing apparel. The word has become a new synonym for "waterproof," and one naturally asks for a "Crav-nette" when a Waterproof Coat, Skirt, Walkie or Outing Suit is wanted. "Cravenette" costs the dealer a trifle more than other so-called waterproof material, just enough more to tempt some of them to sell the "just as good" instead of the genuine. In Crav-nette the water-proof quality is permanent, while inferior material becomes almost useless after a few wettings. Cravenette is rain-tight but not air-tight. Warm in winter and cool in summer. Try one garment of Cravenette and it will do its own advertising thereafter.

Week Jan. 12 **SHEA'S** Mats, Daily, 25c. Evngs., 25c. 50c.

THE FAMOUS THE BIG Empire Show  
The Best the World Affords in Vaudeville.

**JAS. J. CORBETT**  
In All New Humorous Travel Stories.

**MAUDE NUGENT**  
The Girl Who Wrote Sweet Rosie O'Grady.  
**RAYMOND & CAVERLY**  
The Rogers Bros. of Vaudeville.  
**THE RIALTO BELLES**  
9 Handsome Women in New Specialty.  
**DAVIS & MACAULEY**, Refined Comedy Sketch.

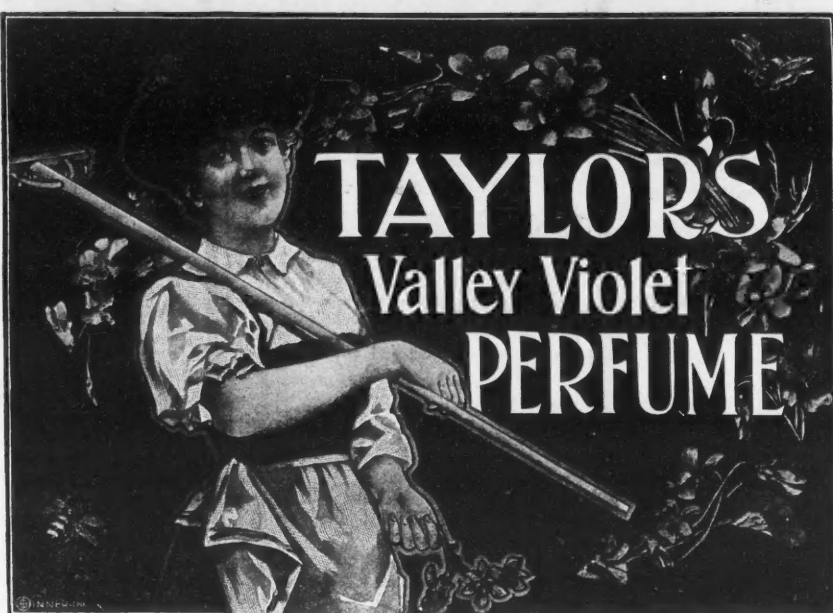
**PERMANE BROS.**  
English Clowns.  
**KENNEDY & ROONEY**  
Eccentric Dancers.  
**GELLER TROUPE**  
Living Art Studies.

European Novelty Comedy Wire Act  
**THE THREE MEERS**  
From Palace of Varieties, London.



JAMES J. CORBETT,  
Who appears in monologue at Shea's next week.

Ask Your Druggist For It



THE TRUE ODOR OF FRESH VIOLETS

## Mendelssohn Choir

OF TORONTO  
A. S. VOGT, Conductor.

## CONCERTS

FEBRUARY 11th and 12th

## Pittsburg Orchestra

RESERVED SEATS \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents.  
SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will be in the Music Stores of Nordheimer & Co., Whaley, Royce & Co., and Ashdown's for a few days longer. Subscribers will be given first choice of seats.

"Thundering chords, exquisite runs, tremendous climaxes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.  
"His runs are simply dazzling."—New York Times.

THE MODERN RUBINSTEIN  
The Great Young Russian Pianist

## MARK HAMBOURG

MASSEY HALL | Thurs. Jan. 15  
Price—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Reserved plan opens Monday next.

TORONTO ANNUAL CONCERT  
**MALE CHORUS**  
Conductor, J. D. A. Tripp. CLUB  
MASSEY HALL | Thursday, January 22  
Assisting artists: Ada Crossley, the magnificent English contralto; Rafael Joseffy, the great pianist.  
Reserved Seats \$1.50, \$1.00. Subscribers' list closes on Monday at Hall.

THIRD CONCERT  
Toronto Conservatory String Quartette  
Jan. 14th at 8.15 o'clock  
—IN—  
CONSERVATORY MUSIC HALL  
Tickets 75c and 50c each.

## Saturday Afternoon Recitals.

BY  
**MISS ELLA WALKER**, Soprano,  
AND  
**MR. FRANK E. BLACHFORD**, Violinist.  
CONSERVATORY MUSIC HALL  
FIRST RECITAL—TO-DAY—3.30 P.M.  
ASSISTED BY  
**W. FRANCIS FIRTH**, Baritone.  
Tickets—50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

## UNITARIAN LITERATURE

By Rev. Stopford Brooke and Dr. Martineau of England Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collier, Minna J. Savage and other eminent Unitarians of America, may be obtained free on application to the SECRETARY.

Post Office Mission Unitarian Church  
JARVIS STREET, TORONTO.

**STENOGRAPHER WANTED.**  
Well educated young lady for very desirable position.  
Box 10, "Saturday Night."

**HELP WANTED: MALE.**  
Reliable, energetic workers for outdoor work. Good pay. No canvassing. Co-operative Adv. Co., New York.

## The New Cook Book

The Ladies of Toronto and Others

Edited by GRACE E. DENISON (Lady Gay)

For sale at all bookstores, or sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00.

ROSE PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

## PRINCESS THEATER

Do You Want to Laugh?  
WEEK OF MONDAY JAN. 12  
Matinees Wed. & Sat.  
**Charles Frohman**  
PRESENTS

(Direct From a Run of Three Months at the Madison Square Theater, N.Y.)

## HIS GREATEST LAUGHING SUCCESS

Alfred Capus' Four-Act Comedy

## THE TWO SCHOOLS

WITH THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK CAST:  
JAMESON LEE FINNEY, BEATRICE MORGAN, FREDERICK SPENCER,  
IDA CONQUEST, W. V. RANOUS, WALTER SCOTT,  
M. A. KENNEDY, FREDERICK E. BEANE, EDNA LUBY,  
JESSIE BUSLEY, NORMAN MACDONALD, GERTRUDE WYNNE,  
WINCHELL SMITH, ELsie FERGUSON, CHARLES KIRALEY,  
IDA WATERMAN, INEZ MARCEL, Etc., Etc.

## RIPPLES FROM THE PRESS.

Do you Want to Hear Gales of Laughter?

"The most welcome dramatic production of the season."—N. Y. Mail and Express.  
"The most agreeable and best acted of any of the French comedies that Charles Frohman has had transferred into English."—Philadelphia Press.  
"The presentation of the piece is extraordinarily delicate and clever."—Philadelphia Ledger.  
"It is surely a delightful evening's entertainment."—Washington Post.

Do You Want to See a Gay Old Boy Unmasked?

THE FUNNIEST AND BEST ACTED  
PLAY ON THE ROAD

## Parisian Advance Styles

have just come in, and in order to introduce and show you art in Ladies' Tailoring we will make handsome tailor-made suits from \$35.00 up.  
There is NO RISK in placing an order with us, as all our garments carry their full guarantee—style, fit, materials, even the silk linings.  
SUCH AN OFFER is worth while taking advantage of, for the same suits that we are now offering will, after the first of March, cost twice as much.

A. S. SEILERS, 64 King Street West

## Table Glassware



A complete assortment of WINES, TUMBLERS, DECANTERS, etc. Seven stock patterns to select from.

Dinner, Tea and Breakfast Sets  
In the new designs.

**WILLIAM JUNOR**

88 WEST KING ST., TORONTO.

## Smart Tailor-Made Shirt Waists



Every Style and Finish  
ORDERED WORK ONLY

Miss Franklin has pleasure in announcing that she has enlarged the shirt waist department and secured the services of another Expert Cutter.

These Shirt Waists are of the highest grade in cut and finish, and fashionable in design.

**M. FRANKLIN**

No. 11-12 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Tel.—Main 175.

## Misses Armstrong & Anderson

MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING

HAVE REMOVED

From No. 41 to their new premises

No. 58 KING ST. WEST

North side, just west of The "Mail" Building.

High-Class  
Costuming and Millinery

MDE. JOAN BISHOP  
MISS ALEXANDER

406 and 408 Yonge St. Tel.—Main 3077.

## OSTEOPATHY

ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O.  
48 Canada Life Building King St. West

Consultation Hours, 11 to 12 a.m. daily.  
1.30 to 3 p.m., Saturday excepted.  
Or by Appointment.

All treatments given by appointment, either at this office, at the residence on Spadina Ave., or at your own home.  
Our practice during the last three years in this city has been mainly confined to all forms of so-called incurable diseases, giving special attention to female diseases and diseases of the nervous system.

We accept cases only after a most careful examination, and you may expect an honest, conscientious opinion on your case.

We use neither drug nor knife, simply correct abnormal anatomical conditions, and nature unimpeded accomplishes the cure.

Literature Sent on Application.

Office Telephone M 3642

Residence Telephone M 2496

## Painting

I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

PHONES:  
Office—9577  
House—3775  
**JAMES J. O'HEARN**  
161 QUEEN ST. WEST

## Canadian OLIVER Typewriter

Canadian Invention  
Canadian Manufacture

Your privilege to ask for, ours to show.

**LINOTYPE COMPANY**  
MANUFACTURERS  
156 ST. ANTOINE STREET, - MONTREAL  
55 VICTORIA STREET, - TORONTO

## Lovers of the Antique

They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture

Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper  
Curious Old Brass

Rare old Chippendale pieces, in chairs, tables, sideboards, settees, secretaries—in all, the most unusual and satisfying collection on the continent.

**B. M. & T. JENKINS**  
422-424 YONGE STREET

Phone—Main 1275. TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham.  
The Royal Crest Dressing is unequalled for furniture, pianos or woodwork of any kind. We recommend it.



## THIS CUT ILLUSTRATES THE VERY LATEST IN A Deep Club Bag...

The principal new points about this bag are:  
The sewing of one seam at the ends only.  
The leather is turned over and sewn on the bottom.  
The body of the bag is about two inches deeper than usual.  
The double handles are flat on the inside, making an easily carried bag.  
The bag also has the finest frame and best leather linings made with inside pockets.



No. 985—In Brown Paris Grain Leather, 16 in., \$9; 18 in., \$10; 20 in., \$11.  
No. 986—In Black Paris Grain Leather, 16 in., \$10; 18 in., \$11; 20 in., \$12.

Express Charges Paid to any Address in Ontario.

Catalogue "S" Mailed Free.

**The JULIAN SALE**  
Leather Goods Co., Limited  
105 KING STREET WEST

**Corticelli**  
SPOOL SILK  
For dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size, and always full length and full strength. Ask your dealer for "Corticelli," and you will find it just as good. You may be sure they all lack the many excellent qualities of the genuine Corticelli Silk.

**Corticelli & Asiatic Dyes**  
Wash Silks  
In Patent Holders

**Corticelli Skirt Protector**  
Corticelli Skirt Protector is of firm and even texture. When soiled a sponge of brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. Corticelli Skirt Protector is a great favorite with fashionable and careful dressers. If you are not already a subscriber to Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine, become now. Full information on application to Corticelli Silk Co., St. John, P. Q., or any other Corticelli office.

**Patent Skirt Silk Holder**  
FOLD AND FLOSS SILKS

**At Potter's**  
85 Yonge St.

The "Shuron" Eye Glass, now supplied in gold filled mounts, price \$2.50 each, exclusive of lenses. Gold mounts for the "Shuron" same as usual.

These beautiful mounts with Potter's lenses make a most perfect and attractive outfit.

**CHARLES POTTER**  
85 Yonge Street, Toronto

dance with much care and seriousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrook gave a dinner on Friday of last week.

Mrs. A. H. Marsh (nee Proudfoot) of Jarvis street gave a jolly young folks' tea last week for her two daughters, who are not yet out. The girls enjoyed the tea immensely, and the kind hostess was at her best in providing amusement and welcome.

Mrs. Larkin's dance for her young son, Mr. Gerald, gave a tip to many a good mother who neglects the giving of such jolly affairs because her daughters are not grown up, or because she has none. The boy "debuter" will receive more attention, with less chance to return it, than the girl, and the dance for his friends is a graceful and too infrequent festivity.

Miss Mowat has resumed her Thursday receptions until Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill gave a charming dinner for Mrs. Sanford on Wednesday evening. Mrs. MacMahon entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Sanford on the same day. At both events one of the guests was Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton (nee Routhier of Quebec), who is such a welcome guest in Toronto.

Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge is visiting Miss Scott in Ottawa. Miss Naomi Temple is going to visit Mrs. Egan in Ottawa. Quite a number of our young girls are either visiting or making preparation to do so. Miss Eva Miles is having a lovely time in Ottawa, and Miss Frances Harman and Miss Millman are enjoying gay doings in Montreal.

Miss Gertrude Donoghue of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. MacMahon, Homewood avenue.

Mrs. C. E. Edmonds is now settled at 34 Crescent road, Rosedale, and will be at home Thursday, the 15th, and afterwards the first and third Tuesdays in the month.

Colonel W. Rice of Chicago is stopping in Toronto for a few days.

The Canadian Household Economic Association announces in its programme an afternoon on "The Influence of Music Upon the Home Life." The Rev. Alexander McMillan of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church will lead in the discussion upon this subject, and Mr. H. H. Mason has kindly consented to illustrate Mr. McMillan's interest in and knowledge of this subject are well known, and a treat is expected. The subject of "Plays and Songs for Little Children" will be taken up by Misses Hulda Westman and Margaret Yellowwees, both of whom have had wide experience in this line of work. The meeting is thrown open to all interested without charge, and all ladies of the city are cordially welcome. Mothers of little ones especially will find the afternoon interesting and instructive. The meeting will be held in the Normal School theater at 3 p.m. sharp, on next Tuesday, Jan. 13.

The Misses Moyses gave a charming afternoon tea on Monday at their home, 13 Major street. The tea room was nicely decorated, and presided over by Miss Florence Corrigan, Miss Hattie Turk, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Blanche Stone, and the charming bride of a few weeks, Mrs. Wm. Floyd (nee Biggar). The storm did not succeed in keeping many away. Among the guests were Miss Berta Ogden, Miss Nora Hamilton, Miss Minnie Cager, the Misses Winter, Miss Birdie Kirk, Miss Gertrude Hunter, Miss Marie Plasket, Mrs. Harry Shaw, Miss Maggie Hall, Miss Jessie Gibson, the Misses Neilson, Miss Emma McIntyre, the Misses Marshall, Miss Olive Freeman of Freeman, and others. The ladies in the tea room, with a few other invited guests, remained for an enjoyable dance in the evening.

Miss H. Ethel Sheppard of Dallas, Texas, who has been spending her Christmas vacation with her parents in Toronto, is now on a visit to New York. While there she will take up a course of advanced studies in voice culture under the direction of Mr. Oscar Sanger of that city. Miss Sheppard will visit Toronto again for a few days before returning south.

The choir of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloor street east, under the leadership of Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, will give a service of praise on Monday evening, January 12. The choir soloists will be assisted by Miss Dora McMurtry, Mr. David Ross and Mr. H. S. Saunders. Selections will be given by the choir from Mendelssohn, Burdett, Coombs and Rossini.

Not once, but several times, I heard a remark made regretting the absence of that good friend of the Argos, Mrs. Creville-Harston, who is still too much of an invalid to venture upon any evening dissipation, but who would have been so pleased to see the success of the Tuesday evening dance.

On Tuesday evening the clergy and men of the choir of St. Simon's Church were entertained by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster, at his residence. During the evening Mr. Harrison, on behalf of the choir and himself, presented the Rev. E. J. Wood, assistant clergyman of the church, with a handsome set of theological volumes, twenty-seven in number, at the same time expressing the regret felt at Mr. Wood's approaching departure from the church, where he has during many years endeared himself to the choir and congregation. Mr. Wood responded in a feeling manner to the expressions of good will, and the Rev. E. C. Gayley, rector of the church, and others, also made some appropriate remarks after which the rest of the evening was spent in music and pleasant social intercourse. Mr. Wood has been appointed rector at Dorchester, N.B., and will leave, with his family, shortly to enter on his new duties.

### The Male Chorus.

Never have Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and the Toronto Male Chorus Club selected such delightful numbers as they will sing at their annual concert in Massey Hall on Thursday, January 22. The music is nearly all new, and includes Henry Ford's brilliant "Champagne Song," a humorous novelty, "A Mongolian Idyll,"

## Nordheimer Pianos

Although Christmas joys have come and gone, our love of Home is the greater.  
Have you resolved that you will buy a

## PIANO

for your home before another Christmas?  
Why delay?

You will never have a better opportunity. We will quote prices for the next week which may not be duplicated for many years to come, and these reductions will be on some of the finest styles of Nordheimer uprights.

We never before received in part payment so many pianos by celebrated makers. Some of them are really like new, and we offer them at just about

Half their actual value.

INSPECT OUR STOCK BEFORE BUYING.

**The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co.**  
LIMITED  
15 KING STREET EAST

## GOOD RELIABLE CUTLERY

POCKET KNIVES  
RAZORS  
SCISSORS  
"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS"  
KNIVES, FORKS and SPOONS

**NICHOLSONS**  
CUTLERY STORE 801 YONGE ST.

## ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS

The only Mattress that  
NEVER GETS LUMPY  
NEVER GETS HARD  
NEVER SAGS  
Perfect Luxury To Be On.  
Awarded Bronze Medal at Toronto Industrial.

**Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.**  
259 KING STREET WEST  
Phone, Main 4533.  
Ask your dealer for it or write us for Circular.

**DR. C. J. RODGERS**  
DENTIST  
144 Yonge Street  
Over R. & H. B. Kent's.

**The "RIGGS" Dental Offices**  
TEMPLE BUILDING,  
Bay Street.

Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

**COLES'**  
Caterers and  
Manufacturing  
Confectioners....

719 Yonge Street, Toronto  
Telephones—North 2041 and 2065.

which gives a Chinese version of the popular nursery rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," a new theme of the old Scotch folk-song, "My Love's in Germany," and also John Hyatt Brewer's new arrangement of "Oft in the Stilly Night," all of which will be heard here for the first time. Older favorites are "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," "Clever Blossoms Kiss Her Feet," "O, Happy Day," and "The Singer's Watchword." Two world-famous and great artists have been engaged to assist in Rafael Joseffy, pianist, and Ada Crossley, contralto.

Miss Marguerite Dunn and Mr. and Mrs. Bewell have recently given successful concerts at the "Soo" Blind River, Thessalon, Webbwood, Sudbury and Bracebridge.

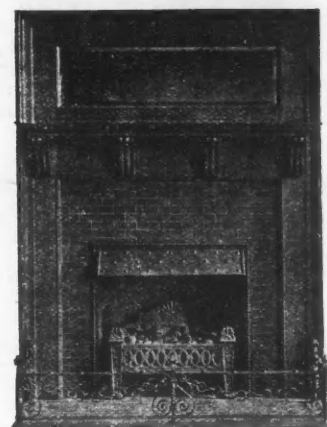
The Rev. H. C. Dixon has kindly consented to give his new illustrated lecture, "Ben Hur," in the new hall of St. Luke's Church on Thursday evening, January 15, the proceeds to be given to the building fund. A large attendance is ensured.

### Southern Railway.

The **Greatest Southern System.**  
The SOUTHERN RAILWAY announces the resumption of "The Southern Limited," one of the most luxurious trains in the world, January 12, 1903, leaving Washington 6:31 p.m. daily except Sunday, composed of Com-

ROGERS—MAKERS OF MANTELS.

## Mantels Tiles—Grates



Andirons  
Fire Irons  
Fenders  
Gas Logs

Coal Hods  
and  
Wood  
Baskets

We extend a hearty invitation to everyone interested in fireplace furnishings to visit our ware-rooms and examine the really magnificent selection of Mantels and Fireplace Fittings there displayed.

Our facilities for the building of Mantels and the setting of tiles in halls, vestibules, bath-rooms, conservatories, etc., are unsurpassed by any firm in Canada.

If you reside out of town, write with particulars of your requirements—and we will cheerfully send photographs and quotations.

**The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.**  
97 YONGE STREET  
LIMITED

partment, Drawing-room, Library, Club Observation and Dining Cars. Electric lighted and steam heated; running solid through Charlotte, Columbia and Savannah to Jacksonville and Saint Augustine. Also handling drawing-room sleeping car to Aiken and Augusta, and connecting at Columbia for Summerville and Charleston and at Jesup for Brunswick (Jekyll Island).

TWO (2) other fast trains DAILY for FLORIDA, leaving Washington at 10:51 a.m. and 9:50 p.m., affording through Sleeping and Dining-car service to Jacksonville and Tampa and West Coast Ports, with connection for Key West, Nassau and Havana, and connecting at Jacksonville for Saint Augustine, Palm Beach and Miami, and at Miami for Key West, Nassau and Havana.

Also Through Cars from Washington daily to Asheville, Camden, Summerville and Charleston, and TRI-WEEKLY (Monday, Wednesday and Friday), to Pinehurst, N.C.

For detailed information, Pullman reservations, etc., confer with initial agents at Toronto, Buffalo or nearest agent, or write L. S. BROWN, General Agent, SOUTHERN RAILWAY, Washington D. C.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
Armour—Jan. 5, Perth, Mrs. James Armour, a daughter.  
Elliott—Dec. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Robert Elliott, a son.  
Keay—Jan. 3, St. Andrew's, N.B., Mrs. (Capt.) R. H. Keay, a son.  
Foy—Jan. 2, Toronto, Mrs. Augustine Foy, a daughter.  
Hall—Jan. 2, Toronto, Mrs. F. H. Hall, a daughter.  
De Loe—Jan. 1, York, Eng., Mrs. P. B. de Loe, a son.  
Lumbers—Dec. 30, Toronto, Mrs. Walter G. Lumbers, a son.

**Marriages.**  
Wright—Lister—At Seattle, Wash., Jan. 5, 1903, W. J. E. H. Wright, formerly of Vancouver, B.C., and Alliston, Ont.,

to Marie E. Lister of Olympia, Wash. Bryans—Dunn—Dec. 31, John Henry Bryans to Emily Josephine Dunn, Bryant—Watson—Dec. 31, Toronto, Alfred E. Bryant to Ada A. Watson.

**Deaths.**  
Coyne—Entered into rest at Grace Hospital, on the morning of December 31st, 1902, Sarah Isabella Coyne, beloved mother of Frederick W. and Herbert T. Coyne, in the 57th year of her age.  
Alcombrack—Jan. 5, Toronto, Mrs. Sophia Alcombrack, aged 81 years.  
Bailey—Jan. 4, Toronto, Margaret A. Bailey, aged 68 years.  
Barker—Dec. 31, Toronto, Helen M. Barker, aged 20 years.  
McIntosh—Dec. 31, Port Hope, George Alfred McIntosh, aged 58 years.  
McCarthy—Jan. 4, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Anne McCarthy, aged 55 years.  
Williams—Jan. 3, Toronto, Mrs. Anna E. Williams, aged 55 years.  
Vercoe—Dec. 27, South Africa, Francis Henry Vercoe, C.E.

Sterner—Jan. 5, Toronto, Newman L. Sterner, aged 73 years.  
Monkhouse—Jan. 6, Altona, Joseph Monkhouse, aged 76 years.  
Molesworth—Jan. 3, Toronto, Ellen Harriet Molesworth.  
McGillivray—Jan. 2, Toronto, Archie McGillivray, aged 45 years.  
Gallagher—Jan. 5, Toronto, Richard Lee Gallagher, aged 82 years.

**J. YOUNG (Alex. Milard)**  
The Leading Undertaker  
Phone 672. 359 YONGE STREET

**W. H. STONE**  
UNDERTAKER  
YONGE 343 STREET  
Phone—Main 932

## The KEY NOTE

of our efforts in searching the continent of Europe for genuine old violins is to purchase only those which stand rigorous expert inspection. We have had exceptional success, and the

## WILLIAMS OLD VIOLIN COLLECTION

is second to none on the American continent. You are welcome to inspect our collection. Our prices for rare old violins are very moderate—

**\$50 to \$800**

**The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO.**  
LIMITED  
143 Yonge Street

